

SEEKING TO PROVE JOJO A MURDERER, BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE JUST STOLEN A CERTAIN BALLISTIC REPORT FROM THE OFFICIAL POLICE FILES...

368

HERE IT IS - A LABELED PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BULLET TAKEN FROM THE VICTIM WITH A DESCRIPTION OF ITS MARKINGS. BUT IT STILL PROVES NOTHING AGAINST JOJO.

NOT BY ITSELF, NO-

BUT AT JOJO'S HOME, WE'LL FIND THE WALLS FULL OF SLUGS FROM HIS RECENT "FLINK TREATMENT." AND IF THOSE SLUGS BEAR THESE SAME MARKINGS, WE'LL HAVE OUR EVIDENCE!

IT'LL BE DAYLIGHT WHEN WE GET THERE, SO WE'LL HAVE TO BE PARTICULARLY CAREFUL. JOJO NEVER MISSES!

MEANWHILE, AT JOJO'S HOME...

--AND POLICE BELIEVE BATMAN AND ROBIN BEHIND YESTERDAY'S MYSTERIOUS KILLING OWING TO THEIR THEFT OF THE BALLISTIC EXPERT'S REPORT ON THE MURDER BULLET...

MY FLINK! AND THEY GET BLAMED! HA, HA HA!

BOB CANE

1-1

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HEY! I'M LAUGHIN'- BUT WHY? IF I DONE IT, WHY SHOULD THEM TWO SWIPE THE REPORT? WHADDA THEY UP TO?

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SO LET 'EM GO PROVE SUMP'N! AIN'T I A DEPUTY? AIN'T I TWEED'S PAL? AN' BESIDES, I STILL GOT YOU, OL' PAL. YEP- FLINK FER BATMAN AN' ROBIN- RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

WHULP! IT'S HIM!

FLINK! KISS THE GROUND, BATMAN! YA GOT A LONG DROP!

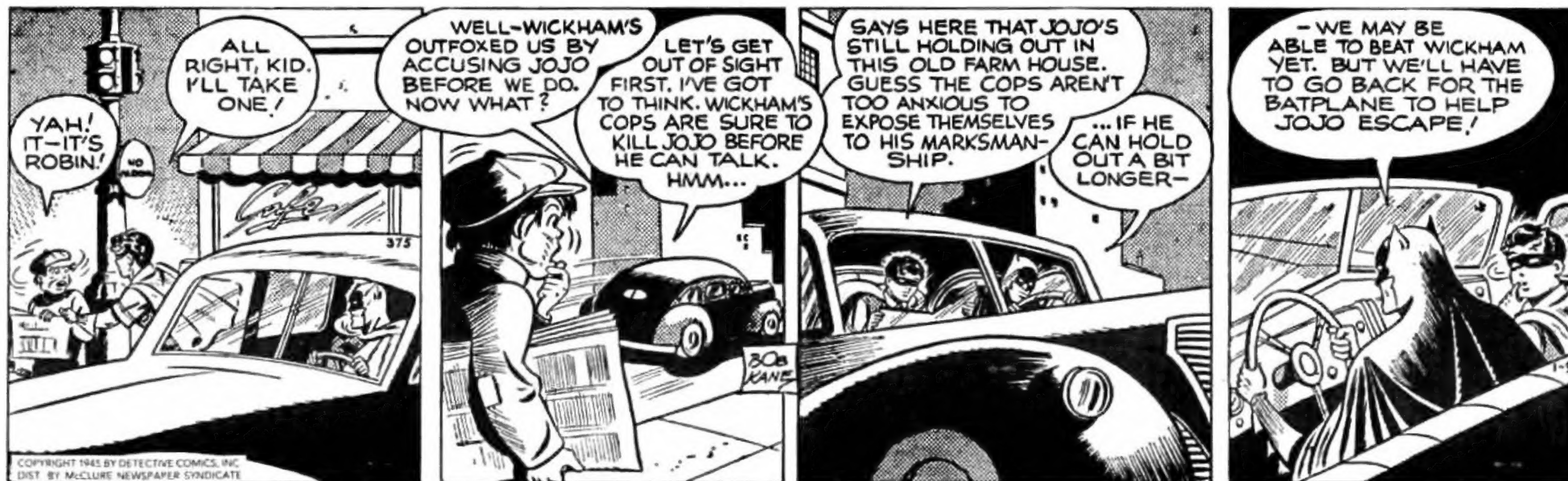
BOB CANE

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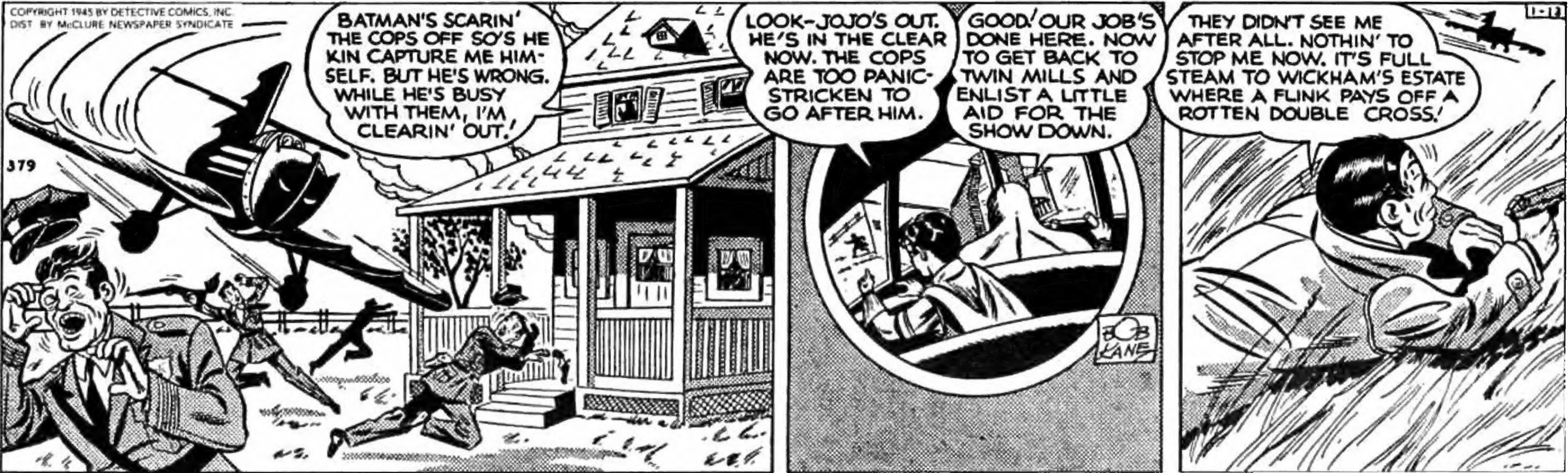
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JUST LIKE A CROOKED COIN - HEADS ON BOTH SIDES!

CRACK

390

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LATER - AS THE BIG ROUND UP WINDS UP.

THE LAST ONE - AND AM I GLAD!

JUST ONE THING MORE - SEEING THAT THE SENTINEL'S FIGHTING EDITOR GETS BACK HIS OLD JOB.

WITHOUT BEN BELLOW'S COURAGEOUS CRUSADE, TWIN MILLS MIGHT STILL BE IN WICKHAM'S DIRTY HANDS. HE'S GOT TO BE CALLED BACK TO TOWN AND GIVEN THE THANKS HE DESERVES.

NEXT MORNING, AT THE SENTINEL OFFICE...

-- SO YOU WERE ONLY SENT AWAY TO SAVE YOU

SORRY, BATMAN - BUT I CAN'T ACCEPT IT!

FOR A MORE IMPORTANT JOB - EDITOR AND OWNER OF THE SENTINEL. BRUCE WAYNE HAS TRANSFERRED HIS MORTGAGE. THE SENTINEL IS ALL YOURS.

BOB KANE

YOU MEAN - YOU'RE THROUGH WITH THE PAPER? BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

WELL - I'VE JUST BEEN ASKED BY THE NEW REFORM PARTY TO RUN FOR MAYOR. AND - I GUESS I'VE GOT TO ACCEPT.

HMM - I SUPPOSE THAT CALLS FOR CONGRATULATIONS. BUT WHAT IF YOU DON'T WIN THE ELECTION?

AFTER THE WAY YOU CLEANED UP THIS TOWN AND LET IT BE KNOWN HOW I STARTED THE WHOLE THING, I'M AFRAID I CAN'T LOSE.

WELL - YOU CERTAINLY DESERVE IT. I'LL SAY THAT. AND NOW IT'S GOOD-BYE. THERE MUST BE PLENTY OF WORK PILED UP FOR ROBIN AND ME BACK IN GOTHAM CITY.

GOOD-BYE - AND I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU.

BRUCE WAYNE'S HOME, TWO WEEKS LATER...

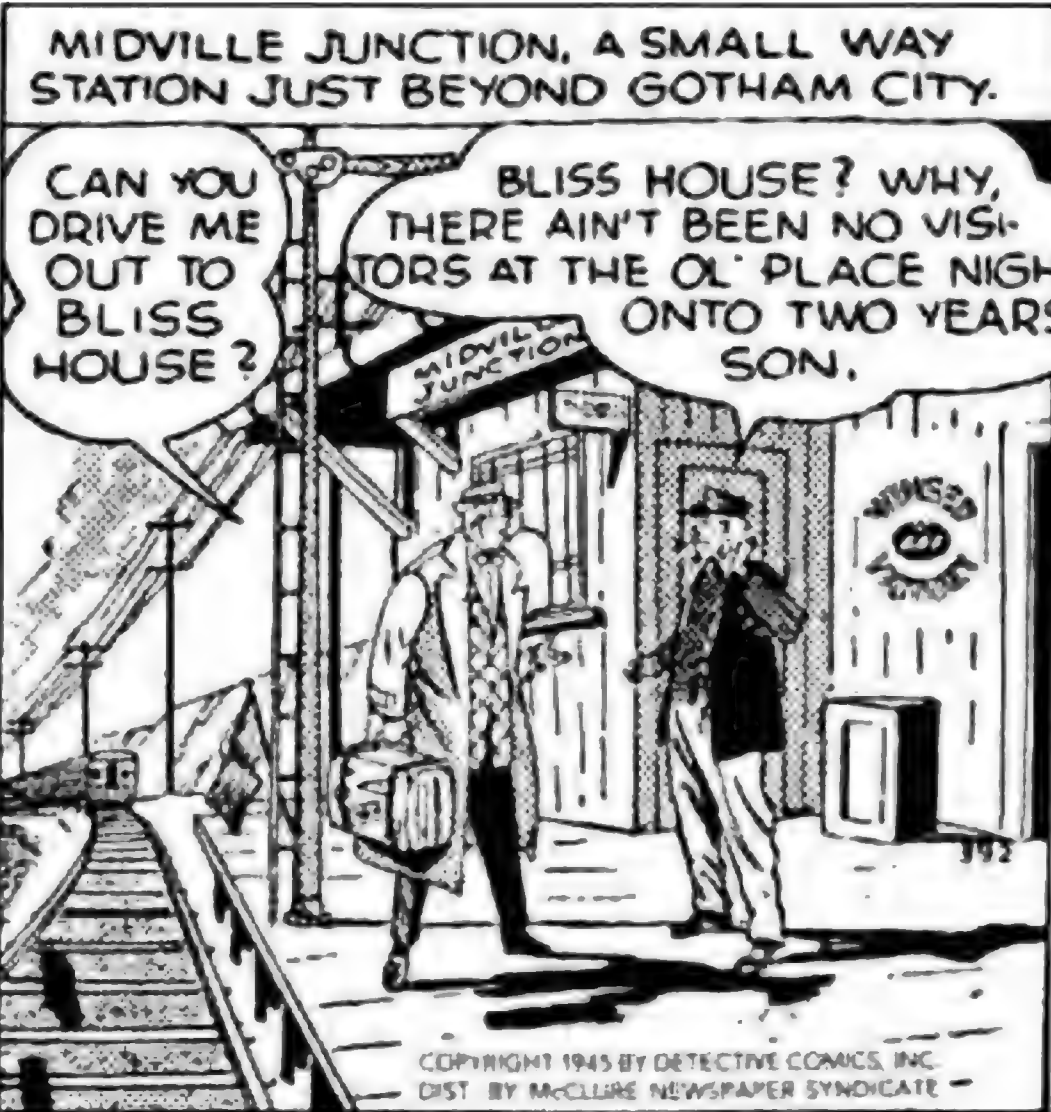
BELLOW SAYS HE'S PERSUADED THEM TO SELECT ANOTHER MAYOR - ALTY CANDIDATE. HE WANTS HIS OLD JOB BACK AS EDITOR.

I KNEW IT. ONCE A NEWSPAPER MAN, ALWAYS A NEWSPAPER MAN!

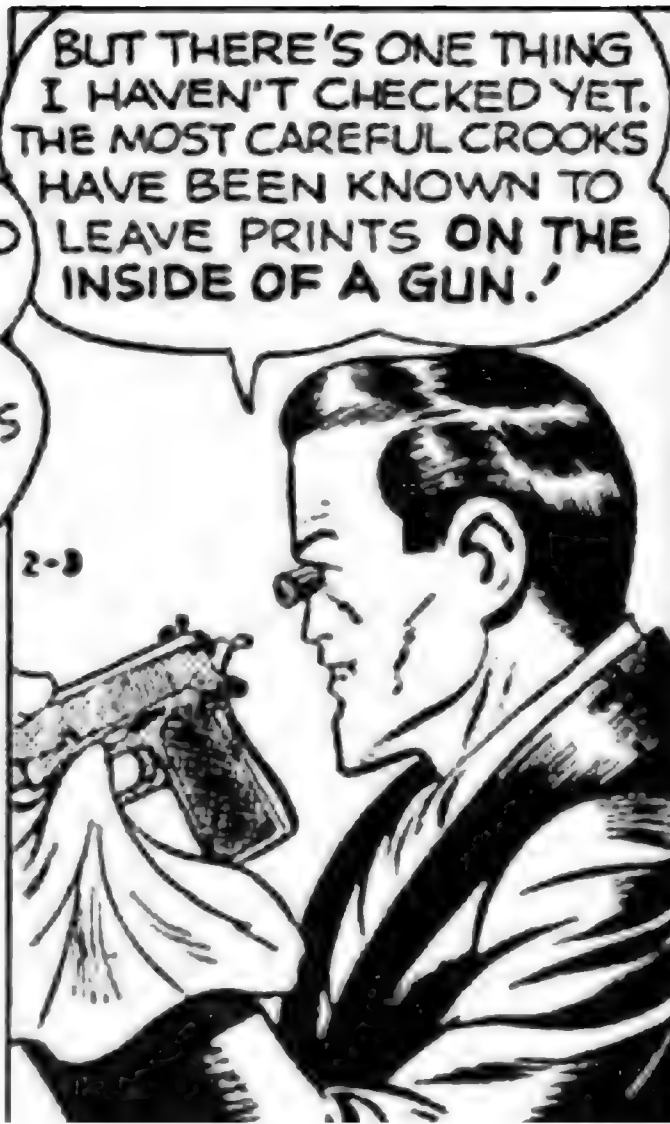
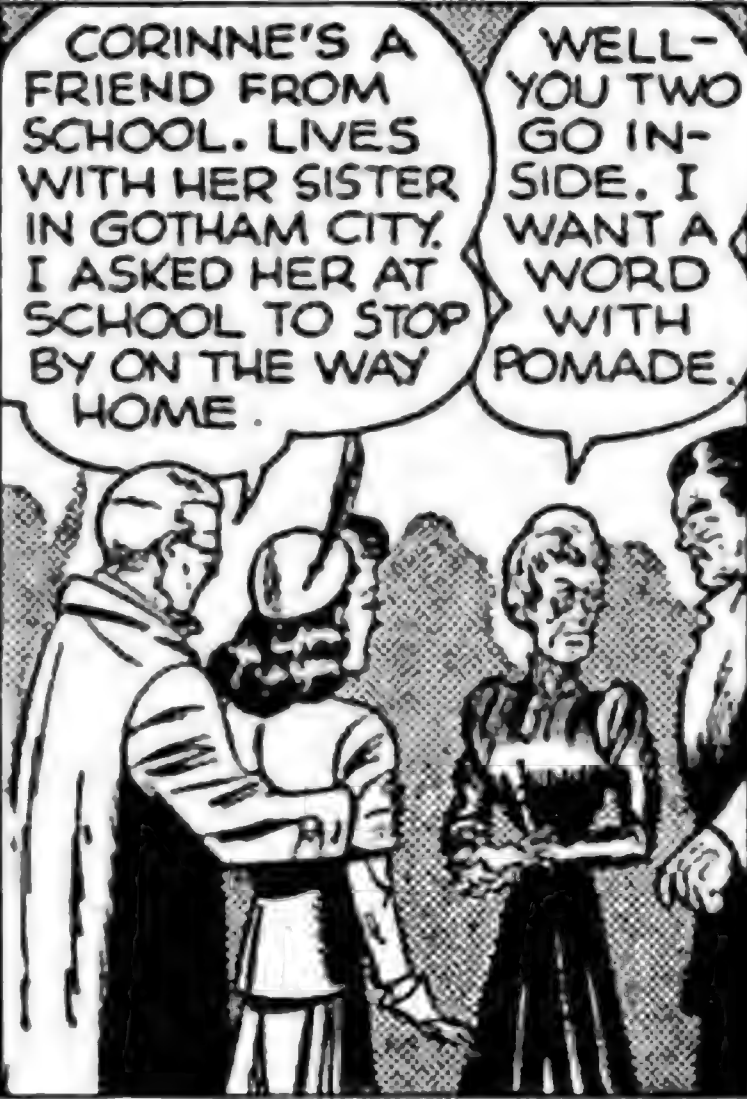
BOB KANE

1-27

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A GIRL SCHOOL-MATE'S VISIT TO YOUNG MARTIN BLISS LEADS POMADE, THE HIRED MAN, TO WARN THE WIDOW BLISS AGAINST THE VISITOR'S STUMBLING ON A MYSTERIOUS GRIM SECRET THEY SHARE.

3-5

MEANWHILE, IN THE WAYNE HOME AT GOTHAM CITY...

YOU MEAN—THERE MAY BE FINGER-PRINTS ON THE INSIDE OF THAT GUN?

YES. THE CROOK WHO LOST THIS AUTOMATIC MAY HAVE WORN GLOVES WHEN HE USED IT, BUT—

BOB KANE

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-- LOADING A GUN WHILE WEARING GLOVES IS A RATHER CLUMSY OPERATION. WHICH IS WHY I HOPE TO FIND OUR MASKED BANDIT'S PRINTS ON ONE OF THE CARTRIDGES!

SIMPLE, ISN'T IT?

YET PLENTY OF CROOKS OVERLOOK IT. NOW—JUST A LITTLE POWDER AND—

— HERE'S OUR CLUE!

ALL RIGHT—I'LL PHOTOGRAPH IT SO WE CAN CHECK THE FINGERPRINT AGAINST THE ROGUES' GALLERY FILE AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS.

NOTHING ON THE OWNER OF THAT PRINT IN OUR FILES, BRUCE.

BOB KANE

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THAT DOCTORED GUN INDICATES TOO GREAT A FAMILIARITY WITH UNDERWORLD METHODS FOR OUR MASKED BANDIT NOT TO HAVE A RECORD OF SOME KIND.

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT.

WHILE AT BLISS HOUSE...

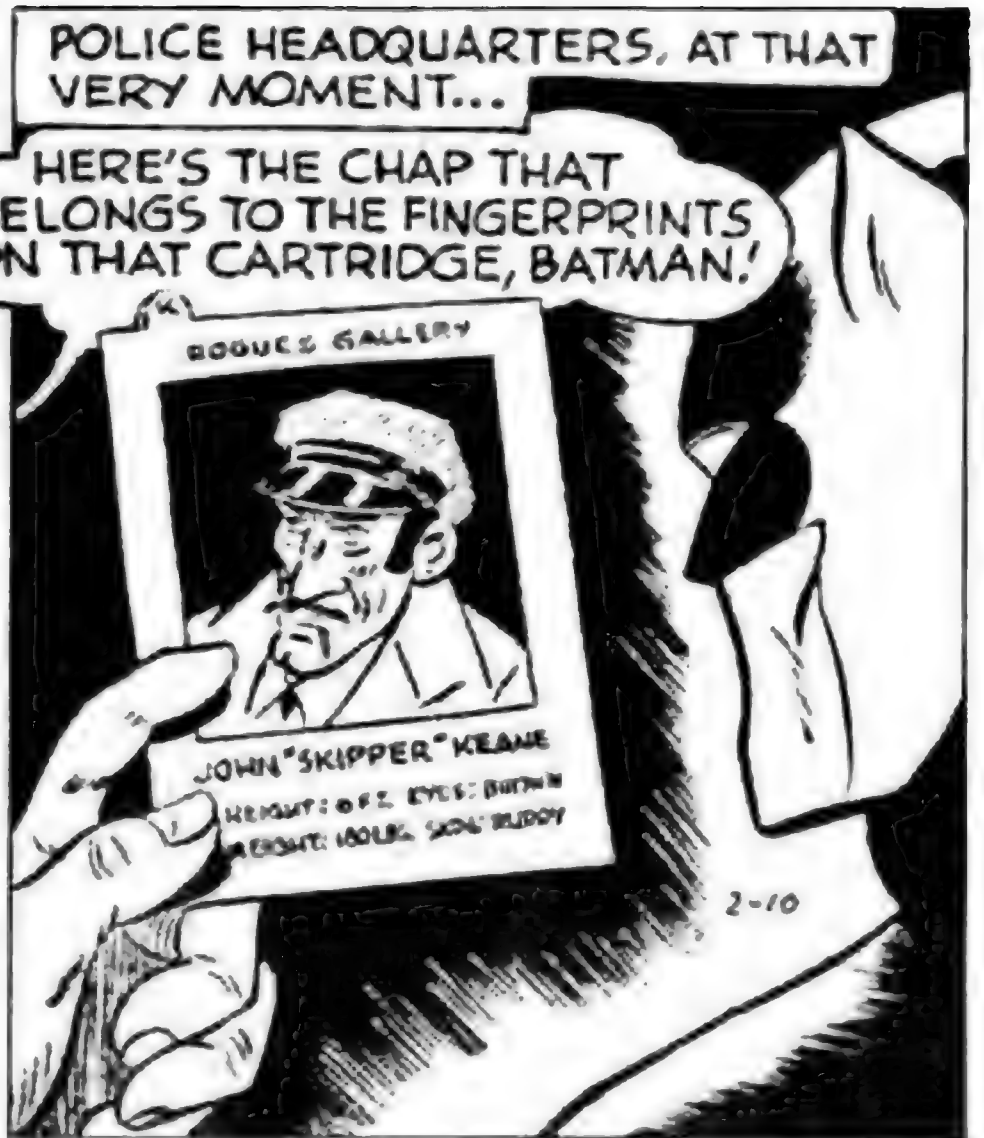
DIDN'T KNOW THINGS HERE AT HOME WERE IN SUCH BAD SHAPE WHEN I INVITED YOU, CORINNE. BUT MAYBE IT'LL ALL LOOK BRIGHTER BY MORNING.

ANYWAY, YOU OUGHT TO GET RID OF THAT CREEPY HIRED MAN, POMADE. GOOD NIGHT, MARTY.

BOB KANE

2-6











HAVING FAILED TO CAPTURE THE SKIPPER AND HIS THUGS, BATMAN AND ROBIN SEEK TO LEARN FROM THE MOBSTERS' INTENDED VICTIM JUST EXACTLY WHAT THEY WERE AFTER...

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YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU NEVER SAW THOSE THUGS BEFORE AND HAVEN'T ANY IDEA WHY THEY BROKE IN HERE?

WAIT! THEY WERE AFTER SOME KIND OF LETTER, BUT YOU INTERRUPTED BEFORE THEY COULD ASK ME ABOUT IT.

A VALUABLE LETTER OF SOME KIND?

PLEASE, BATMAN. I-I CAN'T THINK. ALL MORNING LONG I'VE BEEN WORRIED ABOUT MY SISTER. AND NOW THIS THING—

YOUR SISTER? WHAT ABOUT HER?

I'M NOT SURE. SHE PLANNED SPENDING THIS WEEK-END AT THE HOME OF A FRIEND FROM SCHOOL. BUT THIS MORNING A LETTER FROM THIS SAME FRIEND CAME HERE FOR HER—

LET'S SEE IT!

WHY—THAT LETTER! DO YOU SUPPOSE—?

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WHY—THIS LETTER IS FROM MARTIN BLISS TO YOUR SISTER. SO—SHE LEFT HIS HOUSE YESTERDAY WITHOUT EVEN SAYING GOOD-BYE. BUT WHERE IS SHE NOW?

THAT'S IT—SHE NEVER GOT HOME. AFTER READING THAT, I PHONED MARTIN.

FOR SOME REASON HE SAID MY SISTER HADN'T EVEN BEEN THERE. BUT WHEN I MENTIONED READING HIS LETTER, HE CHANGED HIS STORY. SAID MY SISTER WOULD CALL LATER. THEN—THOSE HOODLUMS ARRIVED.

STRANGE, ALL RIGHT. NONE OF IT MAKES SENSE.

AND WHERE DOES SKIPPER FIT IN? HE'S NEVER GONE IN FOR THE SNATCH RACKET. AND WHY SHOULD HE KIDNAP THE SISTER, ANYWAY?

I'VE A FEELING THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY BIG BEHIND THIS. THE POLICE OUGHT TO BE NOTIFIED AT ONCE.

2-20

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WE'LL DO OUR BEST TO TRACK DOWN SKIPPER KEANE AND FIND OUT WHAT'S BEHIND THIS. MEANWHILE, YOU NOTIFY THE MISSING PERSONS BUREAU OF YOUR SISTER'S DISAPPEARANCE.

I'LL DO THAT AT ONCE, BATMAN.

A black and white comic panel showing Batman and Robin in their costumes. Batman is on the left, looking towards a woman on the right. Robin is in the center, also looking towards the woman. The woman is wearing a dress and has a concerned expression.

WHILE THE BUREAU CHECKS AT BLISS HOUSE, WE'LL TRY TO KEEP OUR PROMISE TO COMMISSIONER GORDON AND BRING IN SKIPPER. FIRST THING WE'LL DO IS SEARCH HIS APARTMENT.

A black and white comic panel showing Batman and Robin running. Batman is in the foreground, wearing his cape and mask. Robin is behind him, also in costume. They are running towards the right. A small box with the name "BOB KANE" is visible in the bottom right corner.

MEANWHILE, IN A PHONE BOOTH ON THE RIVER-FRONT...

YEAH-BATMAN QUEERED EVERYTHING. GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO HIDE ME OUT FOR A WHILE.

JUST WHAT I WANTED TO AVOID BY GETTING THAT GIRL AND THAT LETTER. WELL-LET THE COPS COME. I'LL HANDLE THEM.

A black and white comic panel showing a man in a phone booth. The man is wearing a suit and a hat, and is talking on a telephone. The phone booth is on the riverfront. A small box with the name "BOB KANE" is visible in the bottom right corner.

DID-DID I HEAR YOU SAY SOMETHING ABOUT THE POLICE COMING HERE TO BLISS HOUSE?

YES- BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT EXCEPT YOUR SON, MARTIN!

A black and white comic panel showing a man in a suit and hat talking on a telephone. He is looking towards the left. A woman is standing behind him, looking on. A small box with the name "BOB KANE" is visible in the bottom right corner.

I CAN'T TELL MARTIN THE TRUTH. HE'S LIABLE TO GIVE HIMSELF UP TO PROTECT ME. HE'LL GO TO JAIL!

WHY TELL HIM YER IN THIS TO PERFECT HIM? MAKE UP ANYTHING, JUST SO HE KNOWS WHAT TO SAY WHEN THE COPS COME.

A black and white comic panel showing two men in suits talking. The man on the left is older and has a mustache. The man on the right is younger and is looking towards the older man. A small box with the name "BOB KANE" is visible in the bottom right corner.

SHUT UP! DON'T GET HYSTERICAL ON ME, I ASK YOU NOT TO LET HER STAY. WHADDYA THINK I DONE WITH HER?

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT. WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THAT GIRL?

A black and white comic panel showing two men in suits talking. The man on the left is older and has a mustache. The man on the right is younger and is looking towards the older man. A small box with the name "BOB KANE" is visible in the bottom right corner.

WELL- ARE YOU GONNA TELL MARTIN OR NOT? REMEMBER-IF THE COPS DISCOVER WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE, YOUR DARLIN' KID'LL BE -

DON'T! DON'T SAY IT! I'LL EXPLAIN TO MARTIN.

A black and white comic panel showing two men in suits talking. The man on the left is older and has a mustache. The man on the right is younger and is looking towards the older man. A small box with the name "BOB KANE" is visible in the bottom right corner.

YOU'D BETTER EXPLAIN TO ME. BECAUSE I KNOW NOW THAT CORINNE DIDN'T LEAVE HERE YESTERDAY MORNING!

A black and white comic panel showing a man in a suit and glasses talking. He is looking towards the left. A small box with the name "BOB KANE" is visible in the bottom right corner.



WHILE THE POLICE INVESTIGATE CORINNE'S DISAPPEARANCE AT BLISS HOUSE, BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE SEARCHING SKIPPER KEANE'S FLAT AFTER FRUSTRATING HIS UNEXPLAINED RAID AT THE HOME OF THE MISSING GIRL'S SISTER...

4/6

OUR ONLY CHANCE OF FINDING SKIPPER NOW IS TO SCOUR THIS PLACE FOR SOME CLUES TO HIS USUAL HAUNTS. FOUND ANYTHING?

MAYBE. HE'S GOT SPUD LARKIN LISTED ON HIS PHONE PAD.

SPUD DID A STRETCH FOR RECEIVING STOLEN GOODS. REMEMBER? THINK HE'D KNOW WHERE SKIPPER WOULD HIDE OUT?

THERE'S A CHANCE. AND THESE TWO MATCH COVERS FROM THE CANDY CLUB... MAYBE SOME OF THE RATS WHO FREQUENT THAT DIVE WOULD KNOW SOMETHING, TOO.

AND AT BLISS HOUSE...

YOU'RE ALL DOIN' A NICE JOB OF PLAYIN' DUMB, BUT MIKE MACKENZIE ISN'T BEIN' FOOLED ONE BIT, SEE?

BOB KANE

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SO—CORINNE JUST LEFT HERE WITHOUT A WORD THE OTHER MORNING, EH? THEN WHY WERE YOU SO EVASIVE WHEN HER SISTER PHONED YOU?

BUT—YOU'RE WRONG. SHE NEVER PHONED ME!

IT WAS ME ANSWERED THE PHONE PRETENDIN' TO BE MARTIN. NOT KNOWIN' MARTIN HAD WROTE A LETTER TO CORINNE WHERE HE MENTIONED HER LEAVIN' SO SUDDEN, I SAID SHE HADN'T EVEN BEEN HERE.

THIS IS GETTING INTERESTING.

SO—WHEN THE LETTER WAS MENTIONED, YOU HAD TO ADMIT THAT CORINNE HAD BEEN HERE, EH? WHY DID YOU DENY IT IN THE FIRST PLACE?

I DONE ALL THAT 'CAUSE I WAS MAD AT MARTIN 'CAUSE HE WANTED ME FIRED. I WANTED TO MAKE TROUBLE BETWEEN HIM AN' HIS GIRL!

BOB KANE

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IT MIGHT BE THEY'RE ALL TELLIN' THE TRUTH. IF THEY DID ANYTHIN' TO THAT GAL, WHY SHOULD YOUNG MARTIN WRITE HER A LETTER TO HER HOME?

TO BACK UP HIS STORY THAT THE GIRL LEFT, THAT'S WHY!

MAYBE SO, BUT AS LONG AS THEY STICK TO THEIR STORY, WE CAN'T DO A THING. BESIDES, WHAT REASON WOULD THEY HAVE TO HARM THE GIRL?

THAT UGLY LOOKIN' HIRED MAN THEY CALL POMADE...

A SHOT IN THE DARK. THE OTHER POSSIBILITY IS SKIPPER KEANE. THE GAL MAY HAVE HAD SOME KINDA RUN IN WITH HIM ON THE WAY HOME FROM HERE THAT MORNIN'. SKIPPER'S THE BIRD, WE'VE GOTTA FIND!

MEANWHILE, IN GOTHAM CITY...

SWEET NAME FOR A RAT'S NEST. HOPE WE CAN GET SOME INFORMATION FROM SKIPPER'S LITTLE PLAYMATES INSIDE!



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HEY-CHEESIT-LOOK WHO'S COMIN'!

BATMAN AN' ROBIN! LEMME OUTA HERE!

WHATSA BIG IDEE BUSTIN' IN HERE AN' DISTOIBIN' MY CUSTOMERS? G'WAN-SCRAM!

OH NO, YOU DON'T. YOU'RE GOING TO ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS!



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UNABLE TO GET INFORMATION ON SKIPPER'S WHEREABOUTS FROM UNDERWORLD PALS OF THE MISSING GANGSTER, BATMAN AND ROBIN STUMBLE ON A LEAD IN THE GUN TAKEN FROM A LOCAL FENCE...

422

NO DOUBT OF IT—THIS AUTOMATIC WE TOOK FROM LARKIN IS DOCTORED EXACTLY LIKE THE ONE ON WHICH WE FOUND SKIPPER KEANE'S FINGER-PRINT.

PROVING THAT THEY BELONG TO THE SAME MOB?

YES—THE SERIAL NUMBERS ON THESE TWO HAVE OBVIOUSLY BEEN ALTERED BY THE SAME HAND. LOOK AT THE CHISEL MARKS...

NOTICE HOW THE RIGHT SIDE OF EVERY CHISEL STROKE IS MORE DEEPLY INDENTED THAN THE LEFT. ALSO HOW LIGHT THE STROKE GETS AT THE BOTTOM. EXACTLY LIKE THAT OTHER GUN.

— BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHO HANDLED THE CHISEL.

MAYBE NOT—BUT IF BATMAN CAN GET COMMISSIONER GORDON'S COOPERATION, I THINK I KNOW HOW TO CRACK THIS CASE WIDE OPEN!

BOB KEANE

3-5

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HMM—FIND SKIPPER KEANE, LOCATE THE "DROP" WHERE THESE HOT GUNS ARE ALTERED AND MAYBE TRACE THAT GIRL WHO DISAPPEARED FROM BLISS HOUSE, EH? YOU REALLY THINK ALL THESE THINGS ARE CONNECTED?

IS THERE ANY DOUBT?

423

A GIRL DISAPPEARS AND SKIPPER KEANE RAIDS HER SISTER'S HOUSE. THEN LARKIN IS CAUGHT WITH A GUN DOCTORED BY THE SAME HAND THAT WORKED ON SKIPPER'S GUN.

BOB KEANE

HMM... OKAY—I'LL PLANT A DETECTIVE IN LARKIN'S CELL AND ARRANGE A PHONY BREAK...

NO—LARKIN'S TOO SMART FOR THAT IF YOUR PLANT WERE A PROMINENT CITIZEN, SOMEONE WHOM LARKIN WOULDN'T HAVE ENOUGH IMAGINATION TO SUSPECT...

I'LL SAY HE WOULDN'T, BECAUSE WHAT PROMINENT CITIZEN WOULD DO IT?

PERHAPS YOUR BORED YOUNG FRIEND, BRUCE WAYNE, COULD BE PERSUADED.

3-6

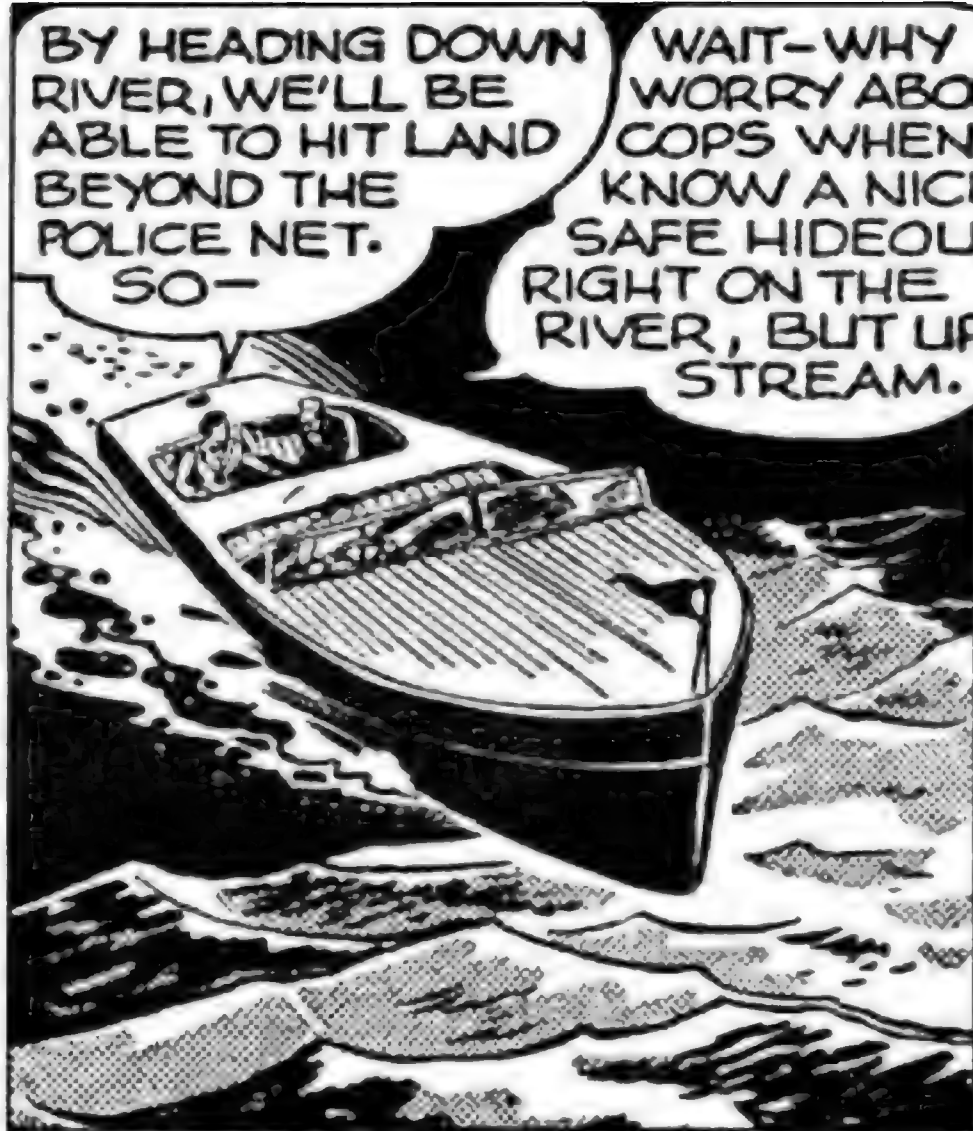
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PLANTED IN SPUD LARKIN'S CELL AT GOTHAM JAIL, BRUCE WAYNE STAGES AN ESCAPE IN THE HOPE THAT LARKIN WILL LEAD HIM TO THE HIDEOUT OF SKIPPER KEANE...

428



WAIT—WHY WORRY ABOUT COPS WHEN I KNOW A NICE, SAFE HIDEOUT. RIGHT ON THE RIVER, BUT UP-STREAM.



WELL—ALL RIGHT. BRING HER AROUND, DICK. WE'RE HEADING UPSTREAM.



THAT'S THEM NOW—I RECOGNIZE LARKIN. AND THERE'S A THIRD ONE—A KID!

TAKE NO CHANCES WITH WAYNE YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

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THE POLICE!

NAW—IT'S AWRIGHT! IT'S THE BOYS. THEY MUSTA GOT THE NEWS ON THE RADIO AND COME OUT TO MEET US.



YEAH—YA FAT-HEAD. WAIT'LL THE BOSS TELLS YA WHAT HE THINKS OF BRINGIN' ALL YER RELATIVES ALONG. HOP IN!



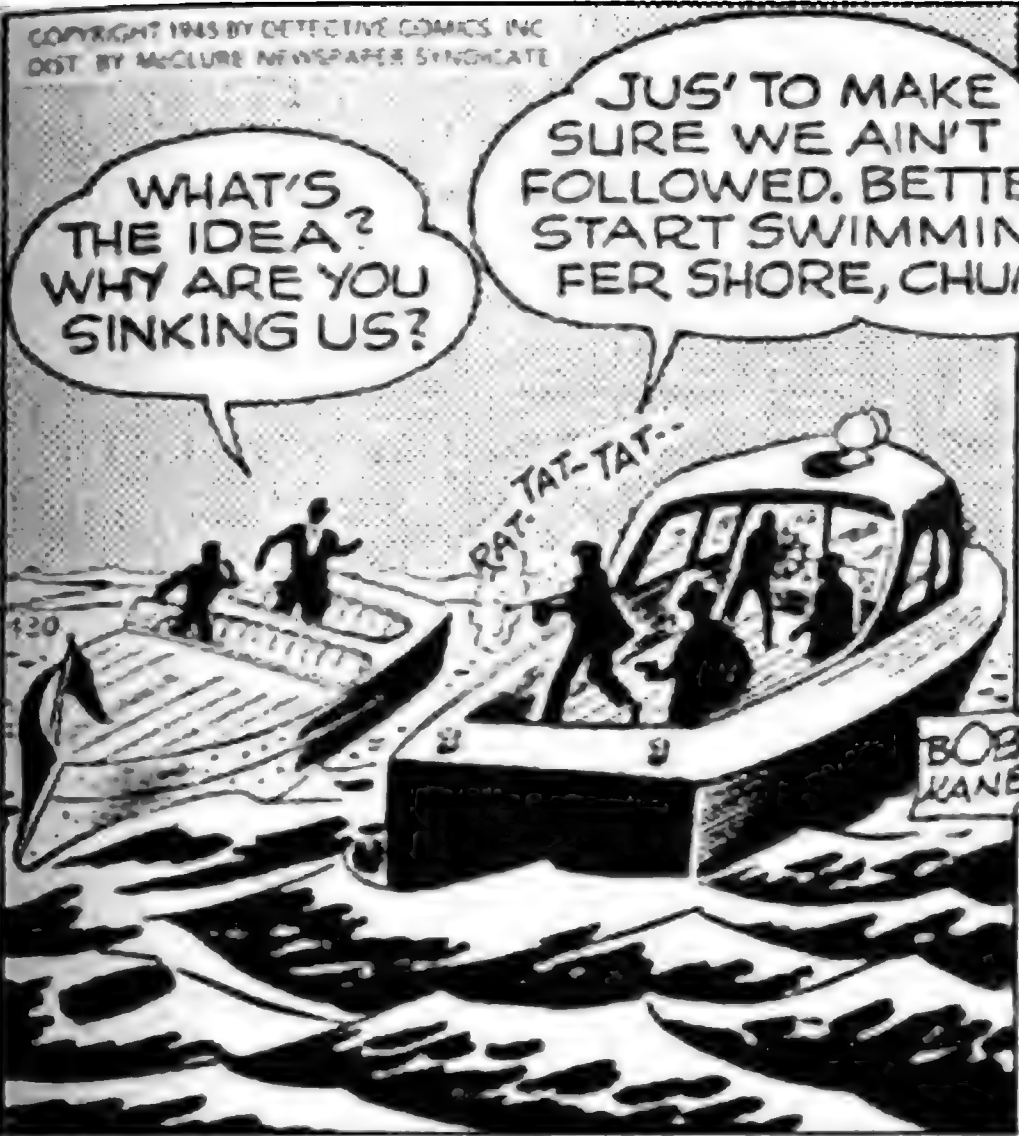
BOB KANE

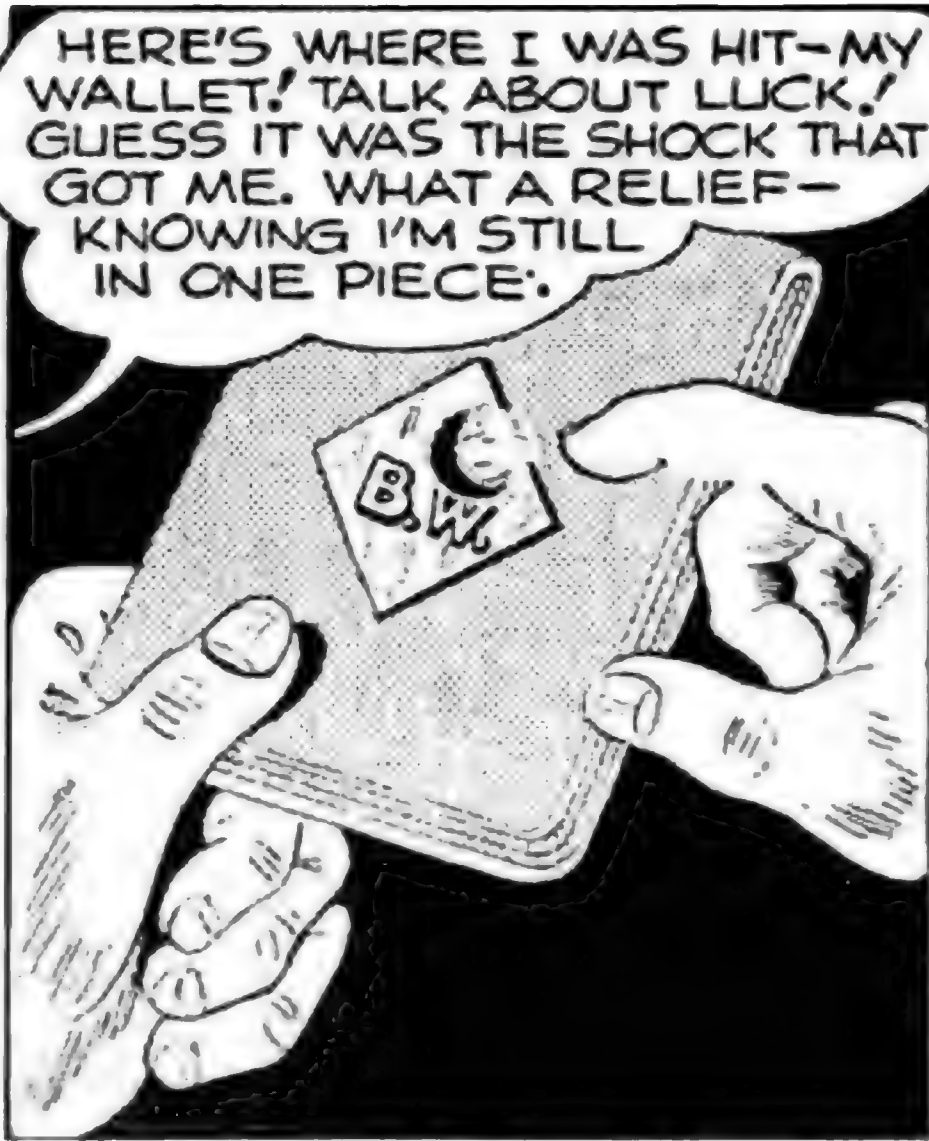


YES—BUT—

TAT-TAT-TAT...

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WITH THEIR BOAT INTERCEPTED AND SUNK BY SKIPPER KEANE BEFORE SPUD LARKIN CAN LEAD THEM TO THE HIDEOUT BRUCE AND DICK MANAGE TO MAKE SHORE AFTER THEY WERE LEFT AS DEAD...

134

IT'S HOPELESS, DICK. WE'VE COVERED A MILE OF RIVER BANK AND NOT A SIGN OF A COVE OR INLET WHERE KEANE'S BOAT MIGHT HAVE TURNED IN.

AND THE RIVER'S NINETY MILES LONG!

AT LEAST THE SUN'S DRIED OUT OUR CLOTHES. BUT NOW WHAT?

MUST BE MIDVILLE JUNCTION OVER THAT WAY. WE CAN GET A TRAIN BACK TO GOTHAM CITY.

DINER

FOOD! I KNEW WE FORGOT SOMETHING IMPORTANT. COME ON—LET'S EAT!

MMM... SAY, DON'T YOU THINK WE MIGHT—

AGAIN? SEEMS LIKE A HEAP O' VITTLES TO FEED THREE PEOPLE!

NO TIME FER COFFEE, BILL. GOT ANOTHER DELIVERY FER BLISS HOUSE.

?

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THEY DON'T NEVER HAVE NO GUESTS TO FEED AT BLISS HOUSE, SO MEBBE THEY'RE JUS' STOCKIN' UP. ANYWAY, I GOTTA SKIP!

PIES

NO TURT

35

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PSST... DID YOU HEAR THAT? BLISS HOUSE—WHERE THAT MISSING GIRL WAS LAST SEEN.

WHAT ABOUT IT? THE POLICE CHECKED THERE AND COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING.

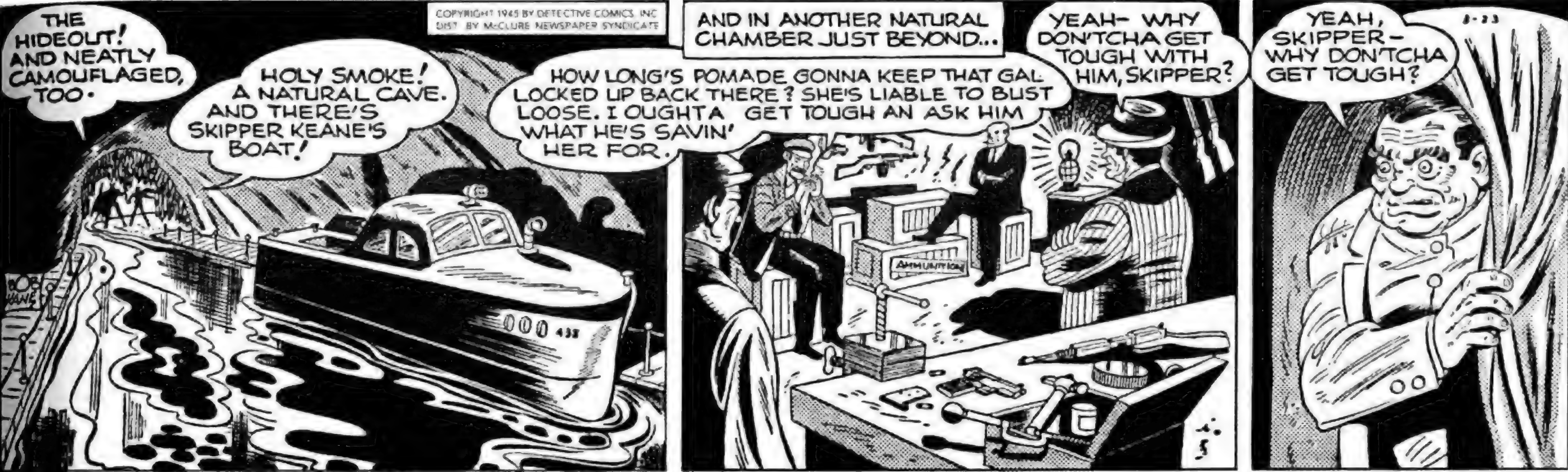
BUT—DON'T YOU FIND IT KIND OF CURIOUS THAT THREE PEOPLE SHOULD REQUIRE SO MUCH IN THE WAY OF FOOD?

THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST GETTING A FEW EXTRA GROCERIES.

QUITE TRUE—BUT THERE IS ONE AGAINST HARBORING WANTED CRIMINALS!

BOB KANE







THAT'S TERRIBLY FUNNY. A CUT THROAT LIKE YOU GIVING ME POETRY TO READ.

SURE- IT JUST DOESN'T GO WITH A FACE LIKE MINE, DOES IT?

WOULD IT DISPEL YOUR SMAUGNESS TO LEARN THAT I'VE A COUPLE OF UNIVERSITY DEGREES? AH- SURPRISED, AREN'T YOU, THAT I CAN EXPRESS MYSELF IN A CULTURED MANNER? I THOUGHT YOU'D BE.

LIKE YOU- THE WORLD LITERALLY TOOK ME AT MY FACE VALUE. I LOOK SINISTER, SO IN SELF-DEFENSE I BECAME SINISTER, TALKED LIKE A HOODLUM, LIVED LIKE ONE...

DON'T PITY ME. I'VE DONE TOO WELL. DEALING WITH RATS, I'VE BEEN ABLE TO EXERCISE A SUPERIORITY WHICH MY UGLINESS DENIED ME ELSEWHERE. AND I'M SATISFIED!

I- I'M SORRY. I-

WAIT- DON'T GO!

BOB KANE

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I- I DIDN'T REALIZE... I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU.

NO, THANKS. IT'S TOO LATE FOR TALK. I'M WELL BEYOND HUMAN REACH. I'M A KILLER. YOU CAN'T CHANGE THAT.

AND THERE'S MY FACE- MY PASSPORT TO PERDITION UNTIL WHATEVER VIOLENT DEATH MAY COME TO END MY PLUNDERING OF THIS HATEFUL WORLD. BECAUSE I'LL NEVER BE TAKEN ALIVE! NEVER!

STILL BURNED UP BECAUSE I KILLED SKIPPER, HUH? LOOK AT THEM LONG FACES. AN' WHERE'S LARKIN AN' HOWIE?

OUTSIDE- UH-GETTIN' RID O' THE EVIDENCE. THEY'VE BEEN GONE KINDA LONG.

OUTSIDE...

THEY'LL BE COMING OUT TO LOOK FOR THEIR PALS SOON. AND THEN-

WHAT ABOUT THE REST OF THEM?

BOB KANE

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POMADE HAS JUST AVOIDED BEING TRAPPED BY BATMAN, AND HAS DARTED BACK INTO THE CAVE HIDEOUT LINKING THE RIVER WITH BLISS HOUSE...

416

THE OTHERS ARE SAFELY TIED. LET'S GET HIM! BUT CAREFUL. HE PACKS MORE POWER THAN TEN MEN!

GREAT SCOTT! THE JOINT'S A REGULAR ARSENAL!

RIGHT! THIS IS WHERE THE IDENTIFICATIONS ON THOSE HOT GUNS ARE REMOVED.

THAT'S FUNNY! I DON'T SEE HIM!

THERE MUST BE A TURN ALONG HERE.

SOLID STONE! HE'S GIVEN US THE SLIP!

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LOOK - IT'S NOT A STONE WALL, IT'S A DOOR!

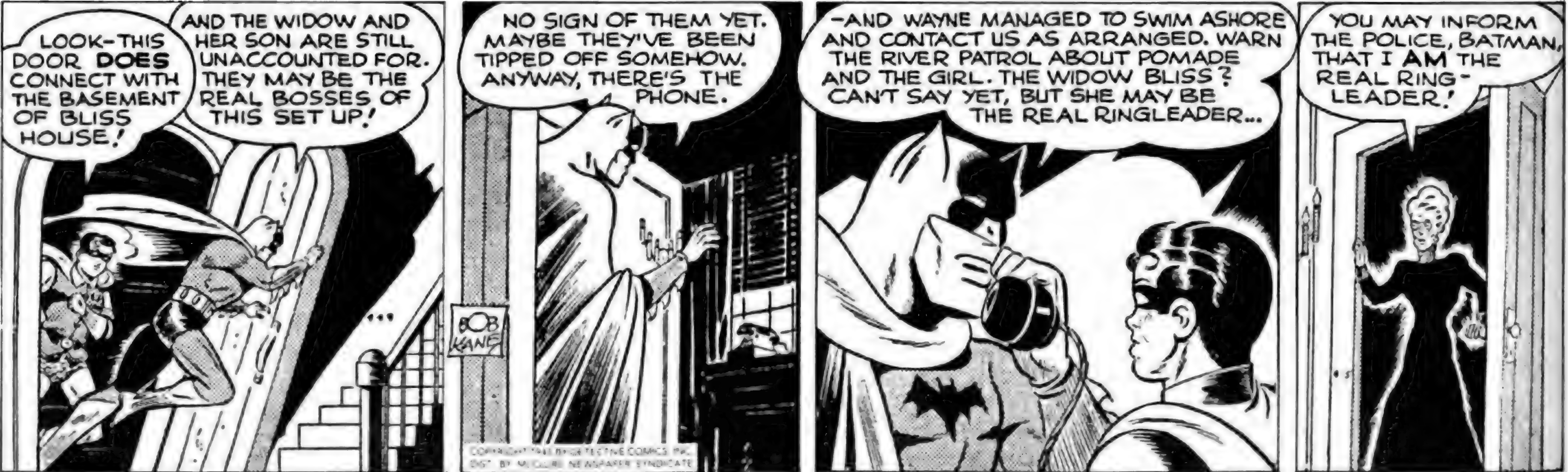
BUT HOW'LL WE GET THROUGH - WITH DYNAMITE?

IF POMADE GOT THROUGH IT SO FAST, THEN WE CAN, TOO, IF WE CAN FIND THE RIGHT PLACE TO APPLY PRESSURE.

I'VE GOT IT! HERE IT GOES!

STOP WHERE Y'ARE AN' STAND OUTA MY WAY IF YA WANT THIS GAL TO LIVE!

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HOLDING CORINNE AS HOSTAGE, POMADE ESCAPES, BUT BATMAN AND ROBIN, AFTER PHONING THE RIVER POLICE TO BE ON WATCH, ARREST THE WIDOW BLISS AND HER SON...

452

— SO THOSE CAVES BEHIND BLISS HOUSE WERE A COMBINED HIDEOUT AND TOOL SHOP FOR ALTERING HOT GUNS. DELIVERIES WERE MADE BY RIVER BOAT.

NOW IF WE CAN ONLY GET POMADE BEFORE HE HARMS THAT GIRL!

AND IF THE BLISSES WOULD ONLY TALK! THEY'RE STILL BEING QUESTIONED INSIDE. THE MOTHER CLAIMS FULL RESPONSIBILITY. SAYS HER SON'S INNOCENT. HE CLAIMS THE OPPOSITE.

WHILE BOTH DENY POMADE IS THE REAL BOSS!

I DOUBT THAT HE'S ONLY THEIR HIRELING. BRUTAL, EVIL, EDUCATED AND INTELLIGENT, HE STRIKES ME AS THE TYPICAL RINGLEADER. WHAT HOLD CAN HE HAVE ON THEM?

LET'S HOPE THE RIVER PATROL BRINGS IN THE ANSWER.

MEANWHILE, ON A POLICE PATROL BOAT...

IT'S THE BOAT WE'RE AFTER! ORDER THE SQUAD TO STAND BY!

BOB KANE

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GREAT SCOTT! NO ONE AT THE HELM AND SHE'S HEADED STRAIGHT FOR US. HEAVE TO!

453

WHEW! NOT EVEN INCHES TO SPARE!

IT'S GOT TO BE STOPPED. THERE'S HEAVY HARBOR TRAFFIC BELOW!

BOB KANE

MADE IT!

HE'S BRINGING HER TO! STAND BY TO BOARD!



A CLIPPING ON A HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER WHO KILLED A PEDESTRIAN IN ARBORVILLE LAST YEAR. AND THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ACCIDENT WITH MARTIN BLISS AT THE WHEEL!

THAT'S FUNNY. I REMEMBER THE CASE.

THE DRIVER WAS CAUGHT, BUT IT WASN'T MARTIN BLISS!

ARE YOU SURE? BUT THIS LICENSE NUMBER'S THE SAME AS THE ONE IN THE CLIPPING. AND ARBORVILLE WAS MARTIN'S COLLEGE TOWN.

OF COURSE! DON'T YOU SEE SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT THAT PHOTOGRAPH? IT WAS MADE ESPECIALLY FOR BLACKMAIL! AND THE BLACKMAILER MUST'VE BEEN POMADE!

HOW DO YOU FIGURE THAT?

LOOK CLOSELY AND YOU'LL SEE THAT THIS PHOTOGRAPH IS A COMPLETE FAKE!

A CLOSE LOOK AT THIS PHOTOGRAPH WILL SHOW THAT THE BACKGROUND DOESN'T QUITE JOIN IN THE CENTER. NOTICE PARTICULARLY THE "DY" IN CANDY, OFF BALANCE, AS IS THE AWNING ABOVE!

YOU'RE RIGHT- IT'S A FAKE PHOTOGRAPH. MARTIN BLISS WAS FRAMED. BUT WHAT ABOUT POMADE?

YOU'LL SEE WHEN I SHOW IT TO THE WIDOW BLISS.

THE SAME PHOTO THAT POMADE USED TO BLACKMAIL ME INTO LETTING HIM USE MY HOUSE IN RETURN FOR HIS SILENCE! POOR MARTIN! SO THE TRUTH ABOUT HIS ACCIDENT CAME OUT ANYWAY!

BUT THIS PHOTO'S FAKED. MARTIN'S INNOCENT!

YOU AND YOUR SON CAN STOP SHIELDING EACH OTHER NOW!

BATMAN HAS JUST REVEALED HOW POMADE BLACKMAILED THE WIDOW BLISS INTO LETTING HIM USE BLISS HOUSE

NOW, INSTEAD OF TWIDDLING OUR THUMBS AROUND HERE, WE MAY BE ABLE TO HELP IN CAPTURING POMADE.

I'LL PHONE THE RIVER PATROL TO PICK YOU UP.

BOB KANE

WITH A POLICE NET ON BOTH SIDES OF THE RIVER, POMADE SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO GET AWAY. BUT SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK WE'LL TRAP HIM THAT EASILY.

WHY? HE CAN'T SWIM OUT TO SEA. HE'S NO FISH.

4-16

AFRAID YOU'RE LATE, BATMAN. WE'VE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE AND FOUND NOTHING. HE COULDN'T HAVE SLIPPED BY US. ONLY ONE POSSIBILITY LEFT.

POMADE MUST HAVE DROWNED!

WHAT'S THAT?

POLICE PATROL

4-16

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WE'RE DRAGGING THE RIVER FOR THE BODY NOW, BATMAN.

I DON'T THINK YOU'LL FIND IT!

4-17

BOB KANE

SOMEHOW, I DON'T BELIEVE THAT POMADE DROWNED. HE ISN'T JUST AN ORDINARY HOODLUM. HE DIDN'T JUMP INTO THE RIVER WITHOUT SOME PLAN...

LOOK AT THAT LITTER. SOME BARGE-SKIPPER HAS BEEN VIOLATIN' THE 'NO DUMPIN' ORDINANCE.

COULDN'T HAVE COME FROM A BARGE-NOT UNLESS IT WAS ON FIRE. THAT STUFF ALL LOOKS BURNED.

THAT'S IT! THAT'S YOUR ANSWER! THAT'S HOW POMADE GOT AWAY!

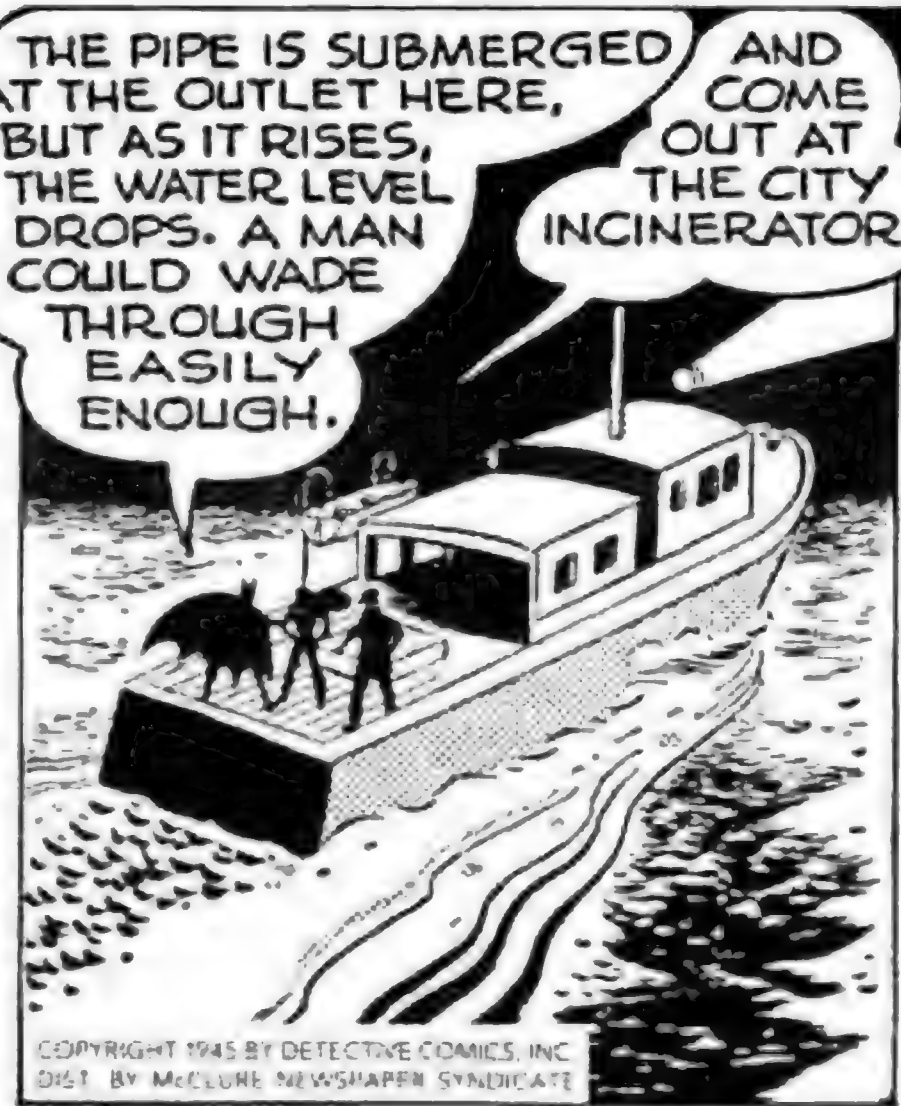
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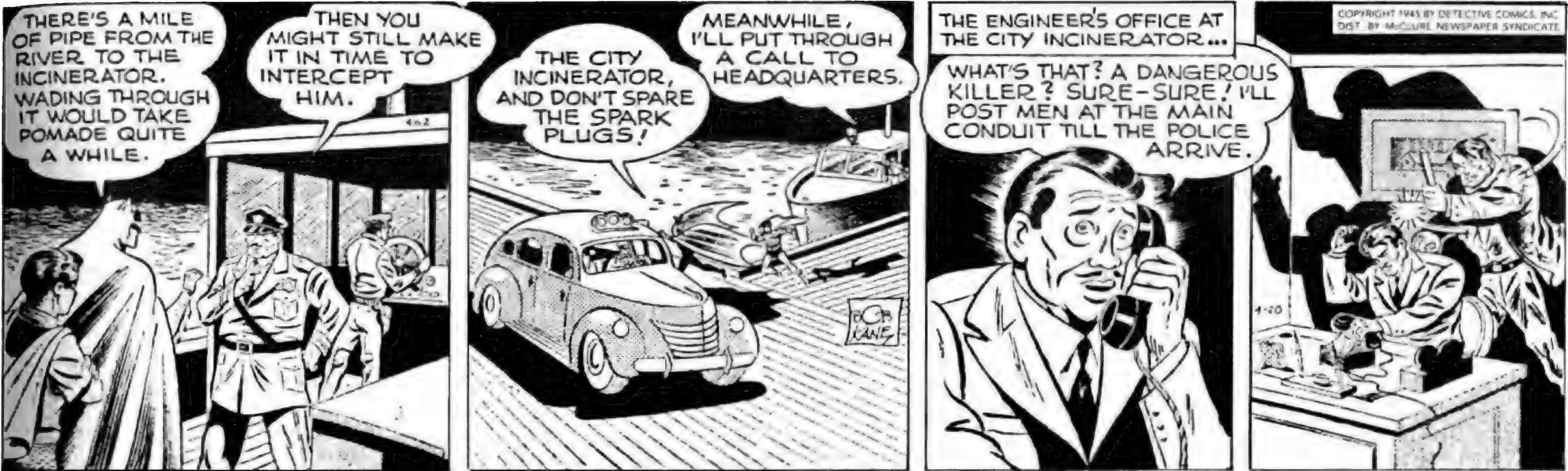
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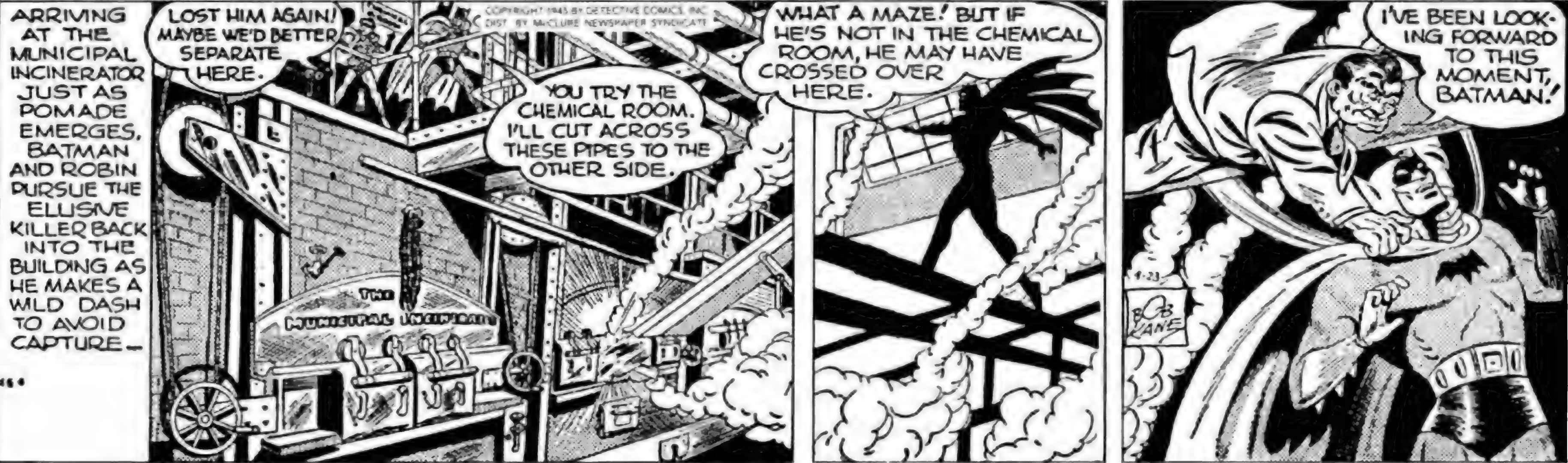
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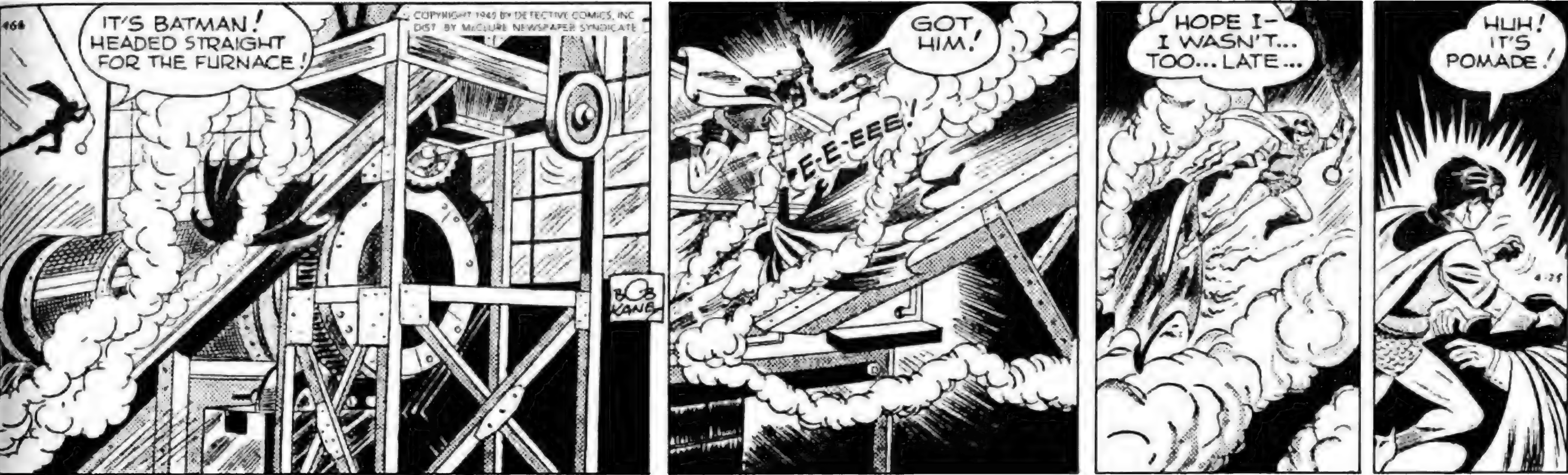
4-17

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REMEMBER... THE GIRL, CORINNE... GAVE HER A BOOK OF POEMS... ONLY THING... DON'T HATE... SHE'S GOT TO READ LAST STANZA FOR ME... LAST POEM... SO SORRY...

HE'S DELIRIOUS.

DELIRIOUS?...NO... I DID GIVE HER BOOK OF POEMS... WOULD LIKE HER TO READ... LAST POEM... LAST STANZA... AND MY MIND... CLEAR ENOUGH NOW... TO HATE YOU... HATE ALL YOU STAND FOR...

AND HIS FINAL WORDS - A HYMN OF HATE. IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE ANYONE COULD HATE SO MUCH...

THAT- THAT WAS HIS LAST BREATH. HE - HE'S GONE!

BUT HE SOUNDED AS IF HE WANTED A MESSAGE DELIVERED TO THAT GIRL HE HELD PRISONER. WANTS HER TO READ THE LAST STANZA FROM A CERTAIN BOOK OF POEMS. STRANGE.



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I CAME, ODDLY ENOUGH, TO DELIVER A LAST MESSAGE FROM POMADE. SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR READING THE LAST STANZA OF A BOOK OF POEMS HE GAVE YOU.

BATMAN! COME IN. ANYTHING WRONG NOW?

HE DID PRESENT ME WITH A BOOK OF POEMS WHILE I WAS A PRISONER AT BLISS HOUSE. ISN'T THAT STRANGE? HE WAS A QUEER, TORTURED PERSON. I FELT SORRY FOR HIM. BUT - THIS IS MY OWN COPY OF THE SAME BOOK.

"STRANGE THAT NOW MY SUN HAS SET, HATING ALL, AND BY ALL MEN FORGOT, THERE LINGERS STILL THIS SMALL REGRET FOR THAT BRIEF TIME WHEN YOU HATED ME NOT."

HMM - AND THAT POEM WAS HIS WAY OF THANKING YOU. A STRANGE MAN POMADE - AND A STRANGE ENDING.

YES - HE KNEW ALL ALONG I FELT SORRY FOR HIM...



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A PARTY AT MRS. DWIGHT ANDERSON'S HOME MAY NOT SEEM LIKE AN EXCITING OPENING SCENE FOR A TENSE DRAMA OF DANGER...

470

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BUT WHEN IT INCLUDES SUCH GUESTS AS THE BATMAN, IN HIS IDENTITY OF BRUCE WAYNE...

BRUCE, YOU'RE A DARLING TO COME!

THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE, MY DEAR MRS. ANDERSON.

AND BEAUTIFUL, EXOTIC KAREN DREW...

... ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN!

BOB KANE
4-30

THAT'S THE FOURTH DANCE BRUCE WAYNE HAS HAD WITH THAT KAREN DREW FEMALE!

HMPH! WHAT HAS SHE GOT THAT I HAVEN'T?

ARE YOU KIDDING?

471

WHY-WHY-IMAGINE THE NERVE OF THAT BOY! WHO IS HE, ANYWAY?

OH, HE'S BRUCE'S WARD-DICK GRAYSON...

HMM-HE'LL BE RATHER CUTE HIMSELF IN A FEW YEARS...

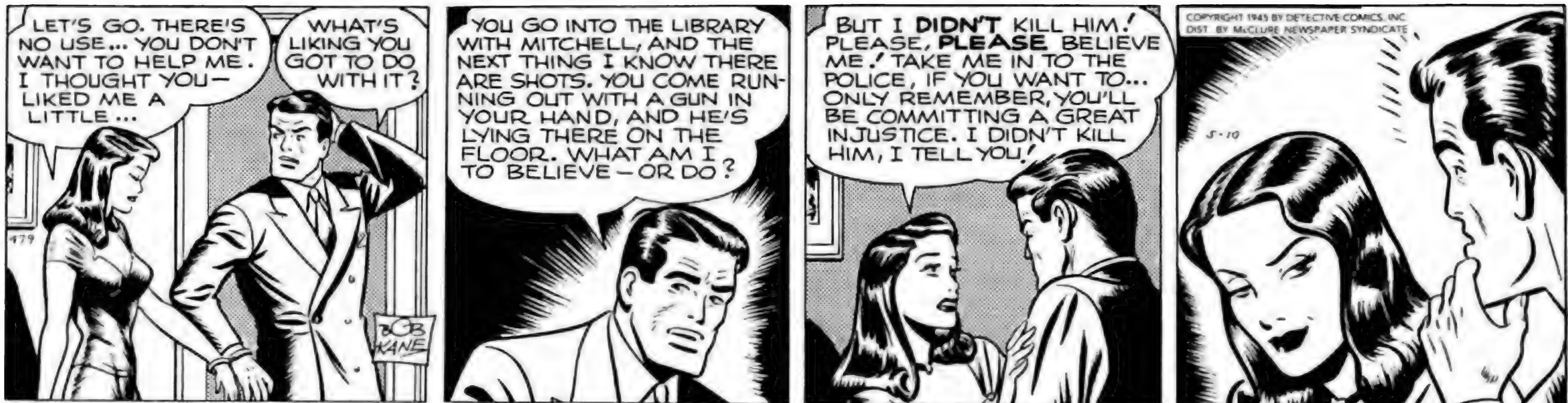
BOB KANE

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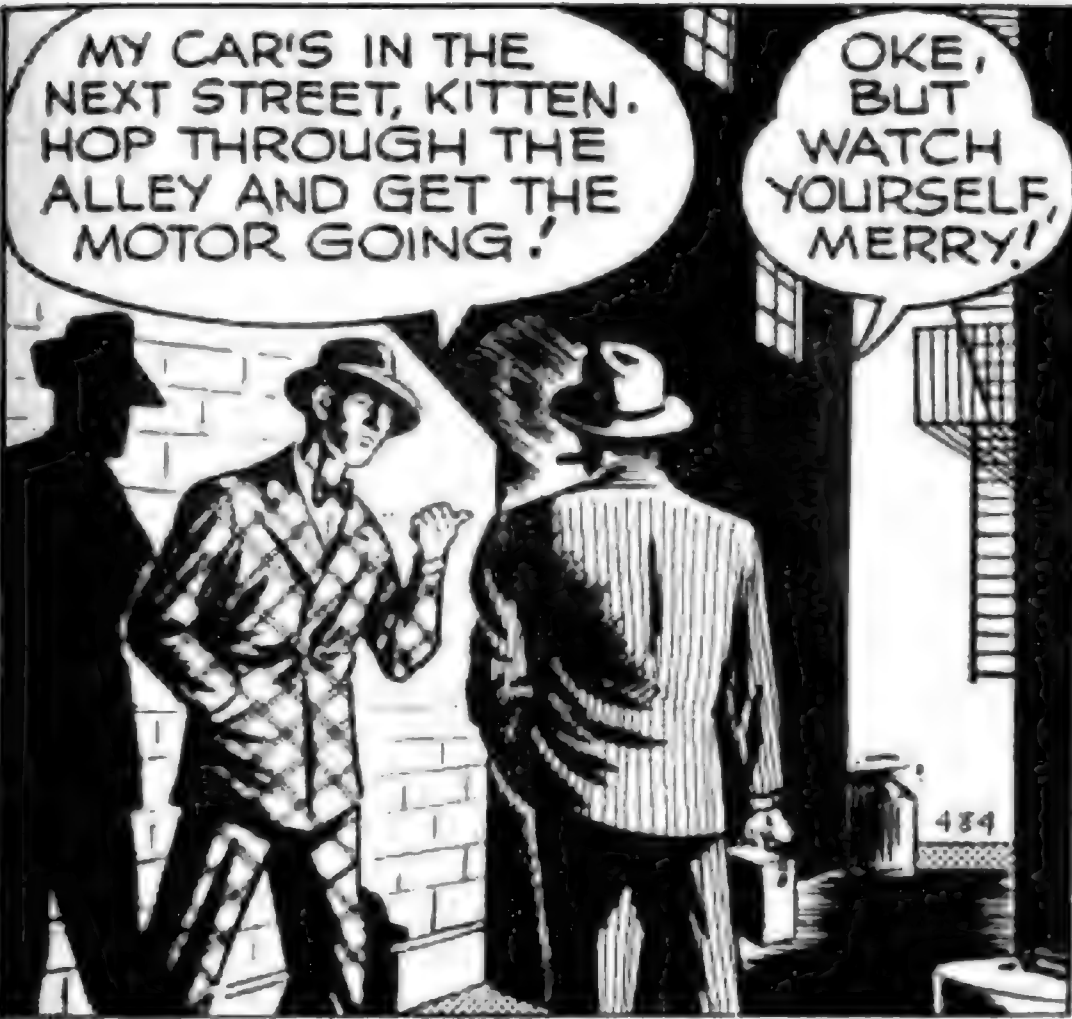


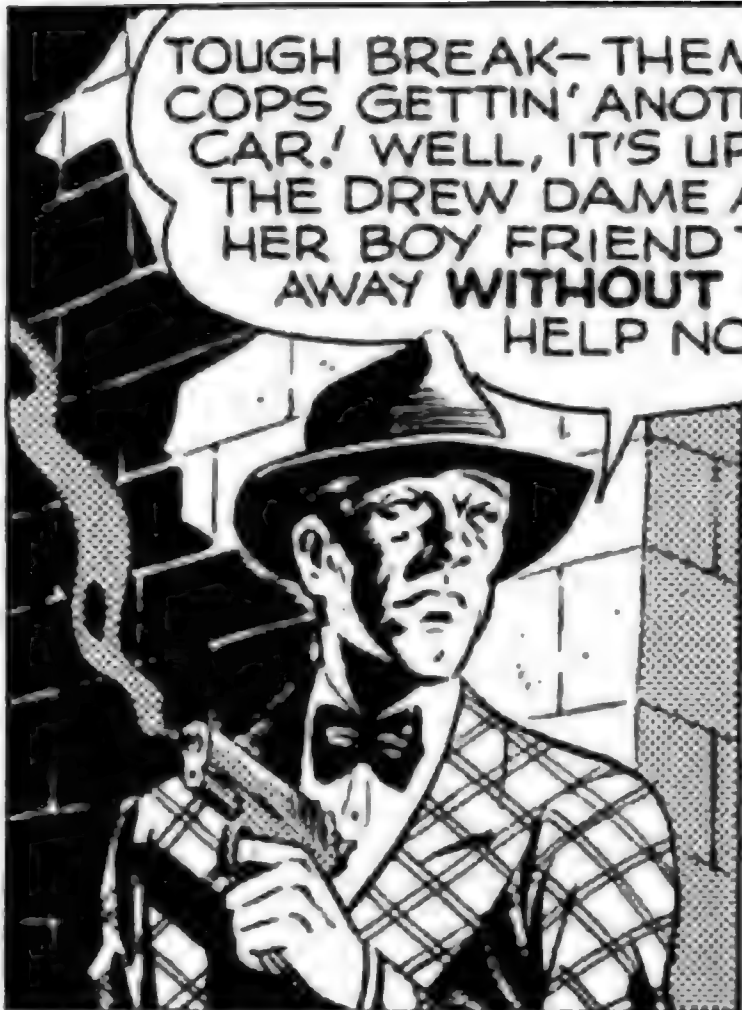


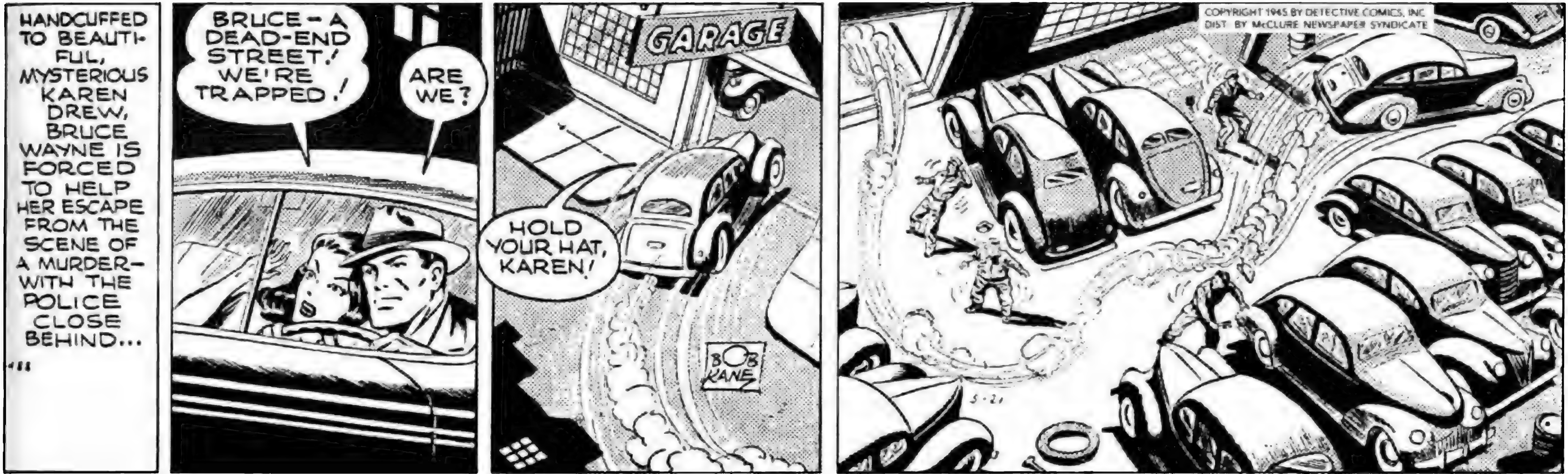


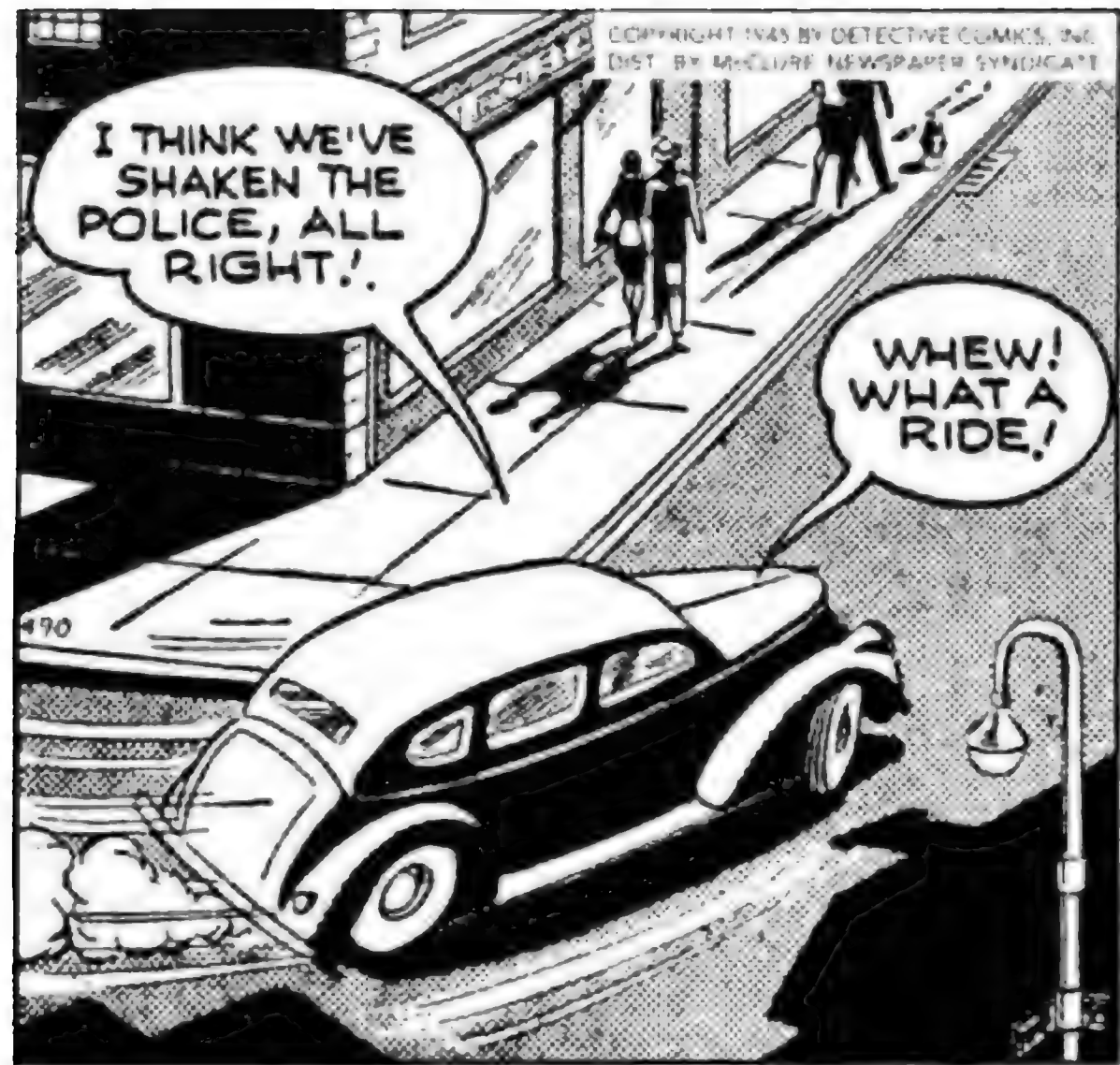














WELL, HERE ARE OUR BUS TICKETS. NOW I CAN TELL YOU WHERE WE'RE GOING—MIDDLETOWN.

YOU CAN TELL ME MORE THAN THAT...

WHAT DID THAT FELLOW MEAN BY SAYING I AM AN ACCESSORY TO MURDER NOW?

OH, THAT!

YES, **THAT!** WHAT KIND OF GAME IS THIS? YOU TRICK ME INTO HELPING YOU ESCAPE FROM THE POLICE—HANDCLIPPED TO YOU, NO LESS—ON THE PLEA THAT YOU DIDN'T KILL MITCHELL...

AND NOW THIS CHAP COMES ALONG WHO TALKS AS IF YOU **DID** MURDER HIM!

I-I CAN'T EXPLAIN NOW!

TO ALL BUSES

Lines

BUS TO MIDDLETOWN

1945

BOB KANE

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SO YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN WHY THAT FELLOW WHO GAVE YOU THE BUS TICKETS TALKED AS IF YOU KILLED MITCHELL?

NO...

WELL, MAYBE YOU CAN EXPLAIN HIS CRACK ABOUT MY BEING YOUR ALIBI?

I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU ABOUT THAT. I—I **WANT** YOU TO BE MY ALIBI FOR THIS EVENING. I NEED ONE, DON'T I, IN CASE I'M SUSPECTED?

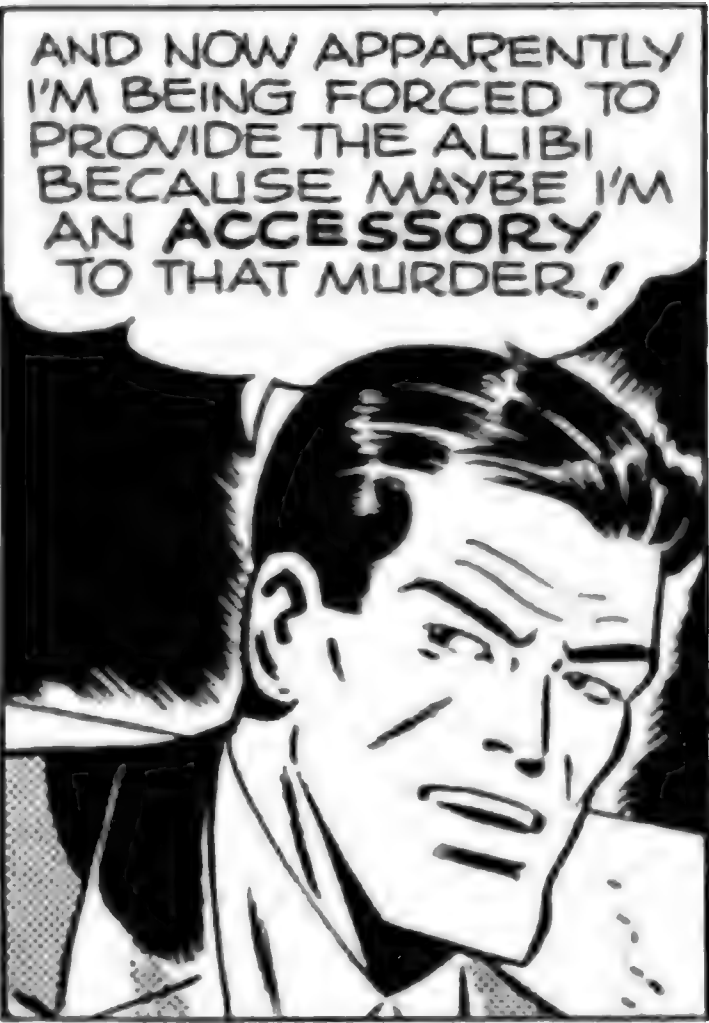
I'LL SAY YOU NEED ONE! BUT HOW DID YOU OR ANYBODY ELSE KNOW IN ADVANCE YOU'D NEED AN ALIBI FOR A CRIME YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO HAVE COMMITTED?

I-I CAN'T EXPLAIN THAT, EITHER!

495

BOB KANE

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POOR KID! SHE LOOKS ALL WORN OUT. SHE COULDN'T FALL ASLEEP SO INNOCENTLY IF SHE WERE A MURDERESS... AND I DON'T THINK SHE IS!



500

STILL... I WAS RIGHT IN THE NEXT ROOM WHEN I HEARD THE SHOTS FIRED AND KAREN CAME OUT WITH THIS GUN IN HER HAND. AND MITCHELL WAS LYING RIGHT THERE ON THE FLOOR...



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THEN SHE TRICKED ME INTO HELPING HER ESCAPE—HANDCUFFS CONVENIENTLY READY, TOO! AND SHE KNEW BEFOREHAND SHE'D NEED ME AS AN ALIBI FOR A MURDER SHE SAYS SHE DIDN'T COMMIT!



WELL, SINCE I MAY BE AN ACCESSORY TO A MURDER—IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO LOOK AT THE GUN THAT WAS USED!



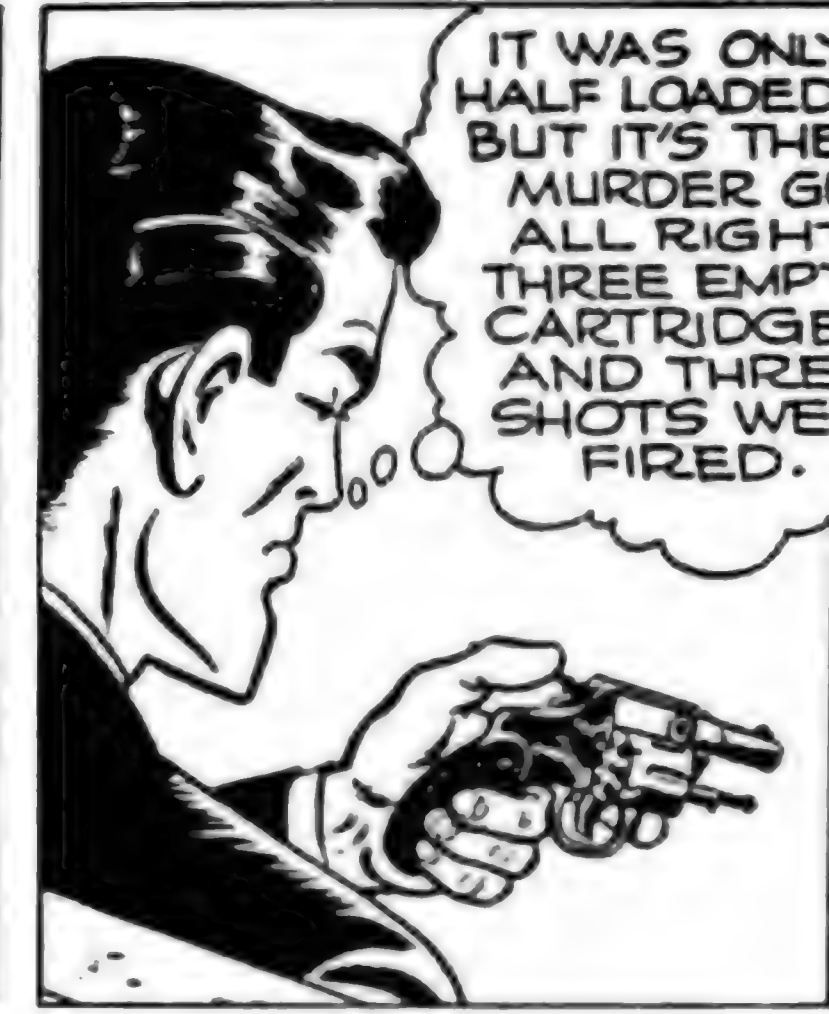
ORDINARY REVOLVER OF THE SHORT BARREL TYPE THAT COULD BE SLIPPED INTO A LADY'S PURSE. OTHERWISE NOTHING TO IDENTIFY IT OUTWARDLY.




501

BOB KANE

IT WAS ONLY HALF LOADED... BUT IT'S THE MURDER GUN, ALL RIGHT. THREE EMPTY CARTRIDGES... AND THREE SHOTS WERE FIRED.




HMMM... I WONDER...?



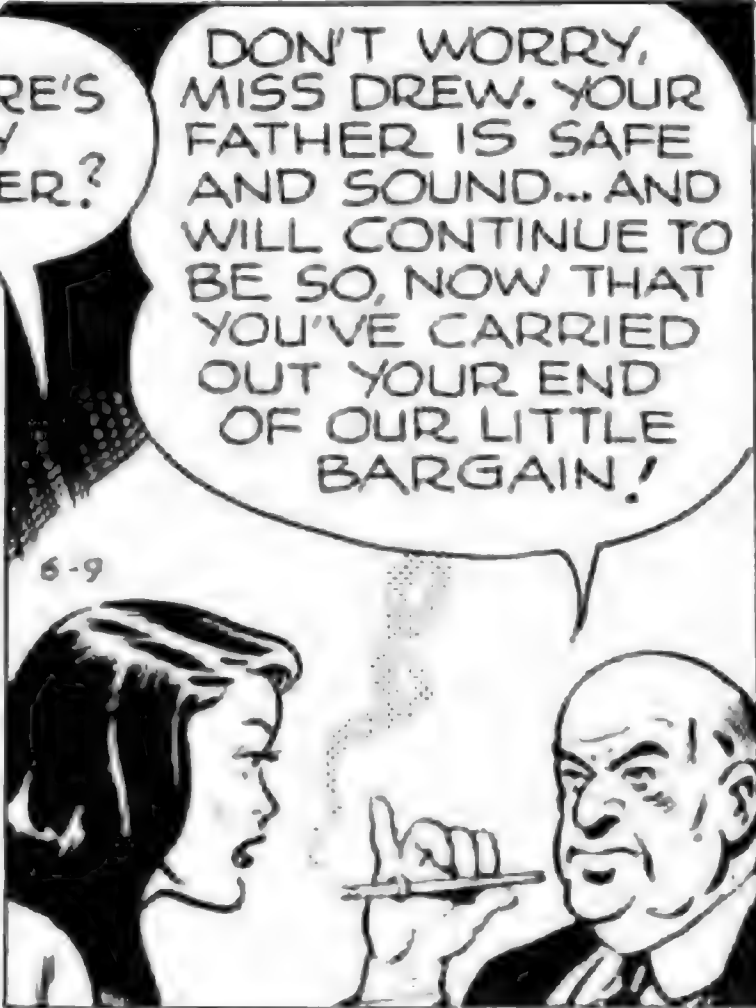
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FROM AN INSIDE POCKET, BRUCE EXTRACTS A TINY ENLARGING LENS...

WELL, WELL—I WAS RIGHT!











SEE THE MESS YOU'RE IN NOW, KAREN? THESE MEN CAN FORCE YOUR FATHER TO LET THEM USE HIS SHIPS FOR SMUGGLING-OR THEY'LL TELL THE POLICE YOU KILLED MITCHELL!

BUT MY ALIBI-YOU... HOW...?

HO, HO! SO YOU THOUGHT YOUR ALIBI WOULD LEAVE YOU FREE! OH, NO, MISS DREW. I DIDN'T INSIST ON AN ALIBI FOR YOUR SAKE!

IN CASE THE POLICE SUSPECTED YOU, I WANTED YOU TO BE IN THE CLEAR. OTHERWISE, MY HOLD WOULDN'T BE OF ANY USE, WOULD IT?

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BUT ANTICIPATING THAT YOU MIGHT-ER-TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOUR ALIBI, I HAD ONE OF MY MEN TAKE A PHOTOGRAPH OF YOU SHOOTING MITCHELL!

BOB KANE 6-15

SO YOU MAY ALL LEAVE NOW-BUT REMEMBER THAT I HAVE THE UPPER HAND. DON'T EVER FORGET THAT FOR A MOMENT!

UNLESS YOU DO AS I SAY, DREW, PROOF THAT YOUR DAUGHTER KILLED MITCHELL WILL BE TURNED OVER TO THE POLICE!

WAIT A MINUTE!

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KITTEN! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

MATTER! THE DAME DOUBLE-CROSSED US!

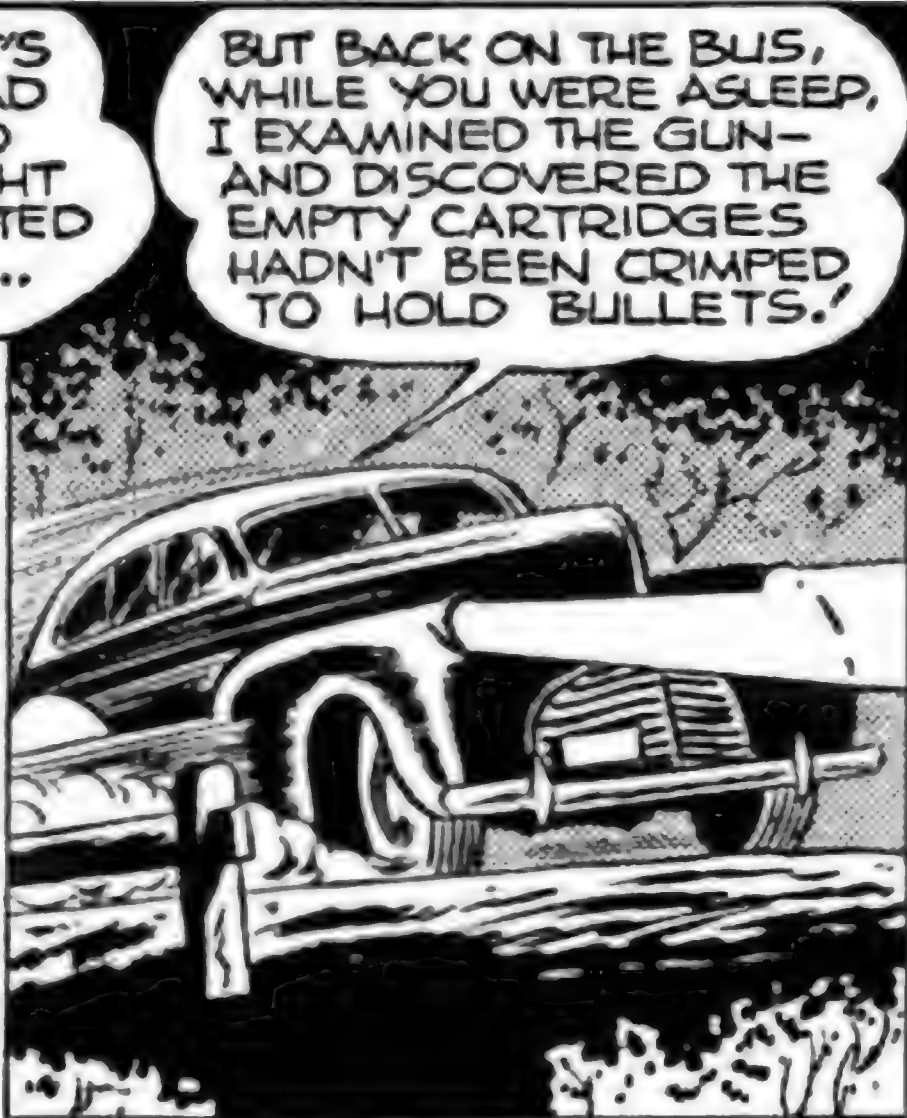
SHE NEVER KILLED MITCHELL! HE'S AS ALIVE AS YOU OR ME!

BOB KANE 6-16









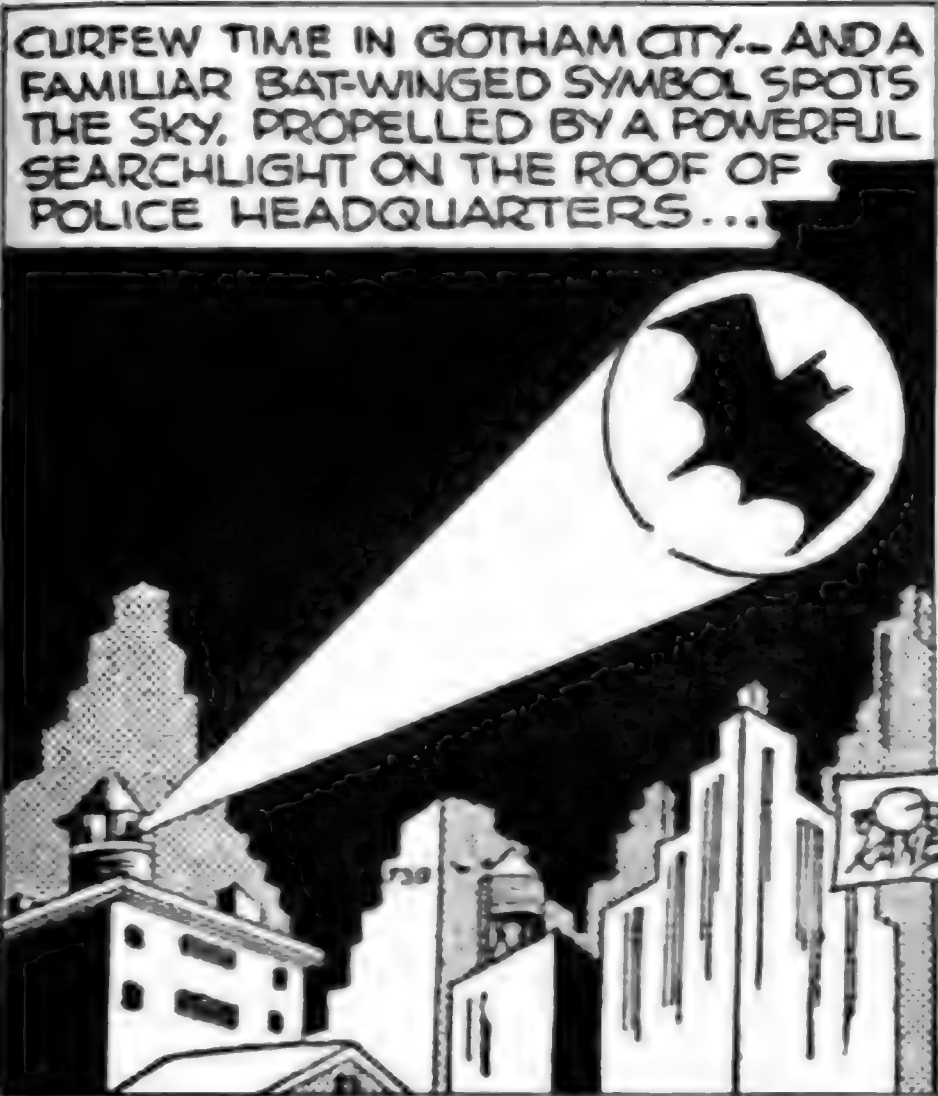


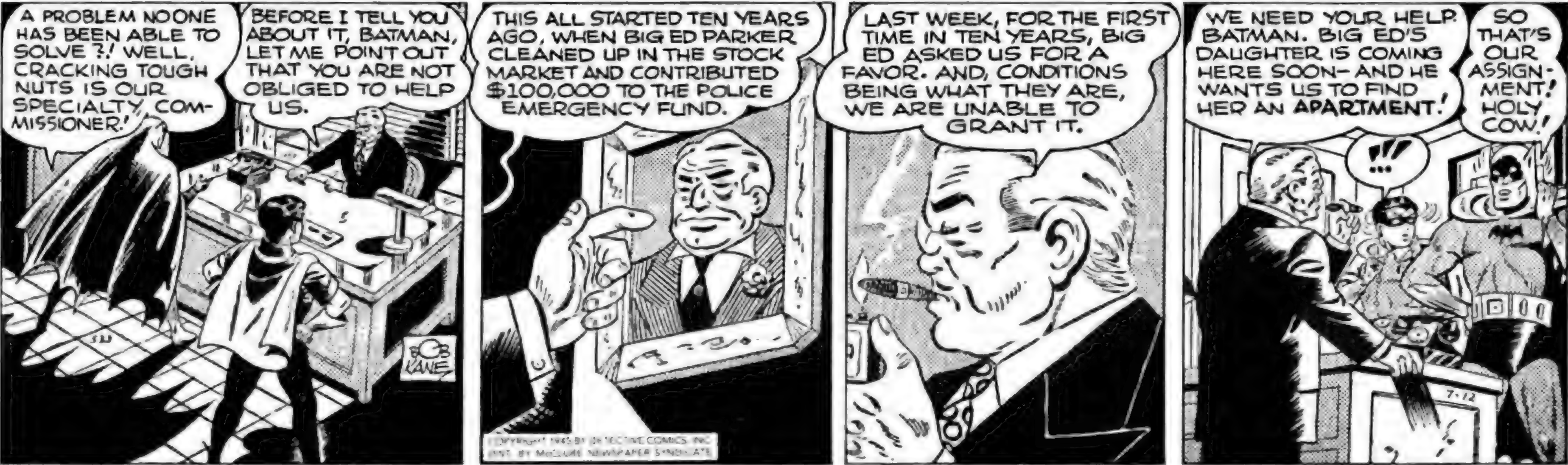


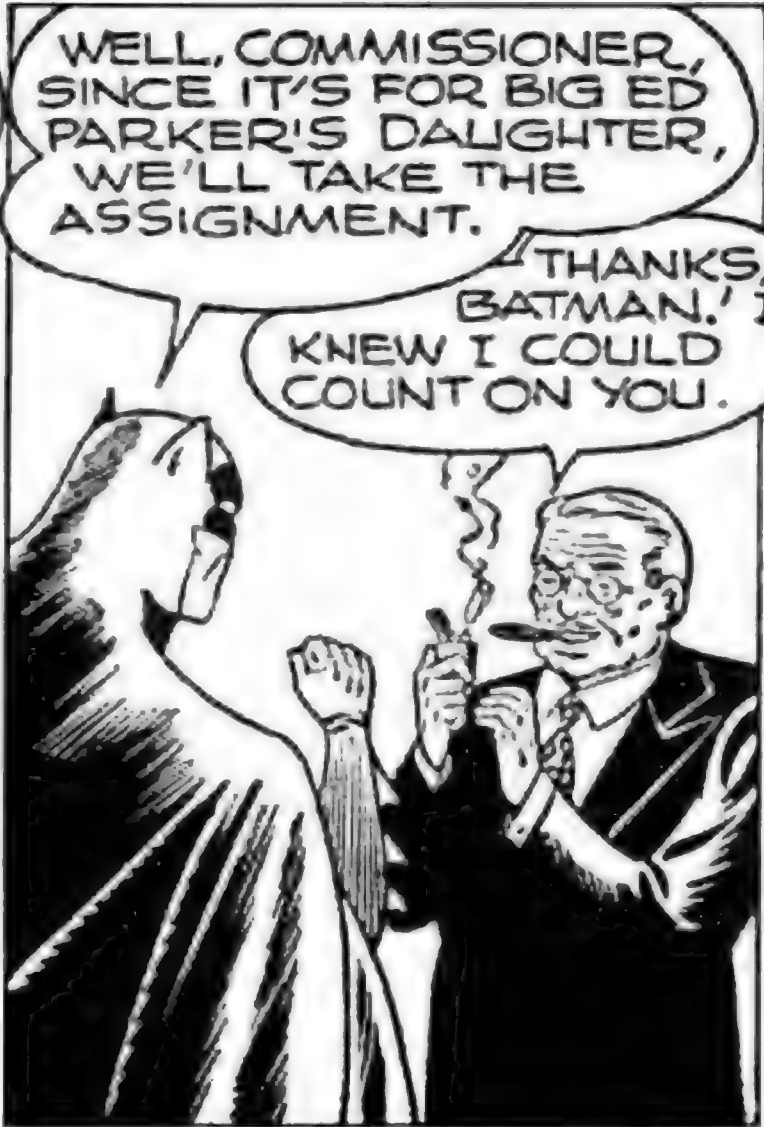




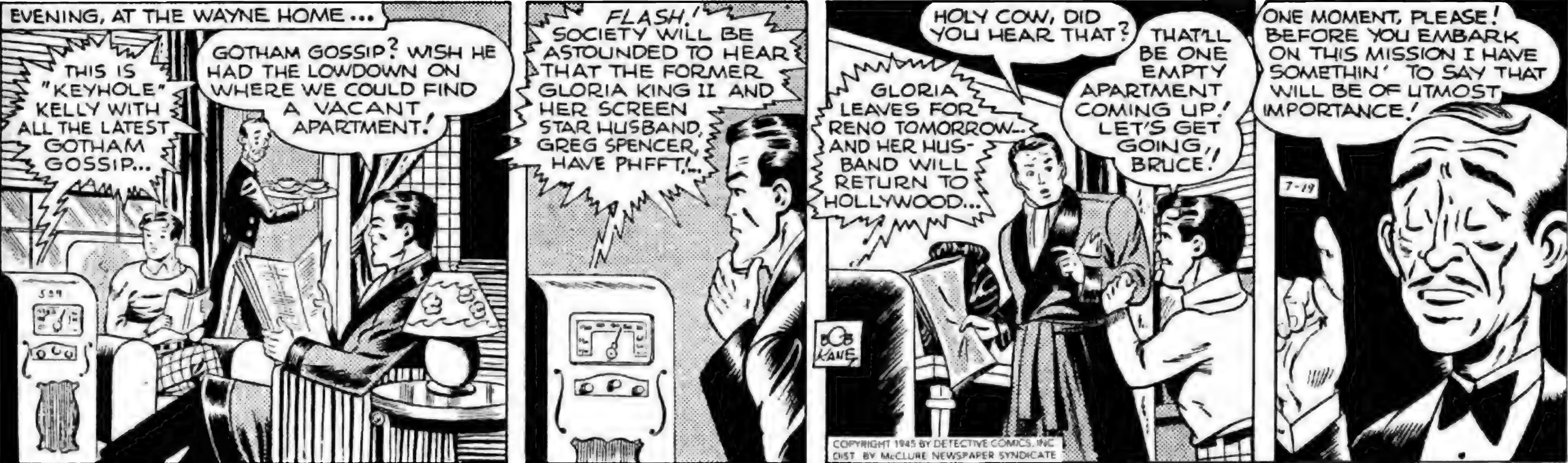












MAY I RESPECTFULLY POINT OUT, MASTER WAYNE, THAT BEFORE YOU AND MASTER DICK ATTEMPT TO SECURE THE SPENCER-KING APARTMENT YOU RECALL ONE VITAL FACTOR?



BOB KANE

WHAT'S THAT?



GLAMOUR!!!



I'LL EXPLAIN. THIS FAR YOU HAVE BEEN SEARCHIN' FOR AN APARTMENT IN YOUR REAL IDENTITIES OF BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON. AND YOUR LUCK HAS BEEN DEVASTATIN'!

IT SURE HAS!



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SO THIS TIME WHY NOT IMPRESS THE PERSONS YOU VISIT BY CALLIN' AS—BATMAN AND ROBIN!

HMM... ALFRED, OLD BOY, THAT'S AN IDEA!



7-20

ALFRED IS RIGHT, DICK! IF WE USE THE PRESTIGE OF BATMAN AND ROBIN, GLORIA KING AND HER HUSBAND WILL BE BOUND TO TURN OVER HER APARTMENT TO US NOW THAT THEY'RE BREAKING UP!



BOB KANE

LATER... NEVER THOUGHT WE'D BE USING OUR COSTUMES ON THIS CASE, ROBIN!



HERE'S THEIR PENTHOUSE. THAT MUST BE GLORIA AND HER HUSBAND.

WELL, IF GLAMOUR CAN HELP US GET THEIR APARTMENT, LET'S MAKE THIS OUR MOST DRAMATIC ENTRANCE!



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SUDDENLY! A BULLET!

AND IT ALMOST HAD YOUR NAME WRITTEN ON IT! WHAT'S UP?

BANG!



LEARNING THAT GLORIA KING AND HER HUSBAND, GREG SPENCER, ARE ABOUT TO GET A DIVORCE, BATMAN AND ROBIN RACE TO THE SCENE TO RENT THEIR APARTMENT, ONLY TO BE GREETED BY...

542

WHEW! THAT ONE PARTED MY HAIR!

BANG!

NEVER THOUGHT A GLAMOUR GIRL AND A MOVIE STAR WOULD GIVE US THEIR AUTOGRAPHS — IN BULLETS! LET'S THANK THEM, ROBIN!

BATMAN! AND ROBIN!

WHAT'S THE REASON FOR THOSE POTSHOTS AT US, MISS KING?

AT YOU? I WAS AIMING AT ME! AND I'M STILL GOING TO KILL MYSELF!

GLORIA, DON'T!

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SORRY TO DO THIS, MISS KING, BUT I'M ALWAYS INTERESTED IN SAVING AMMUNITION!

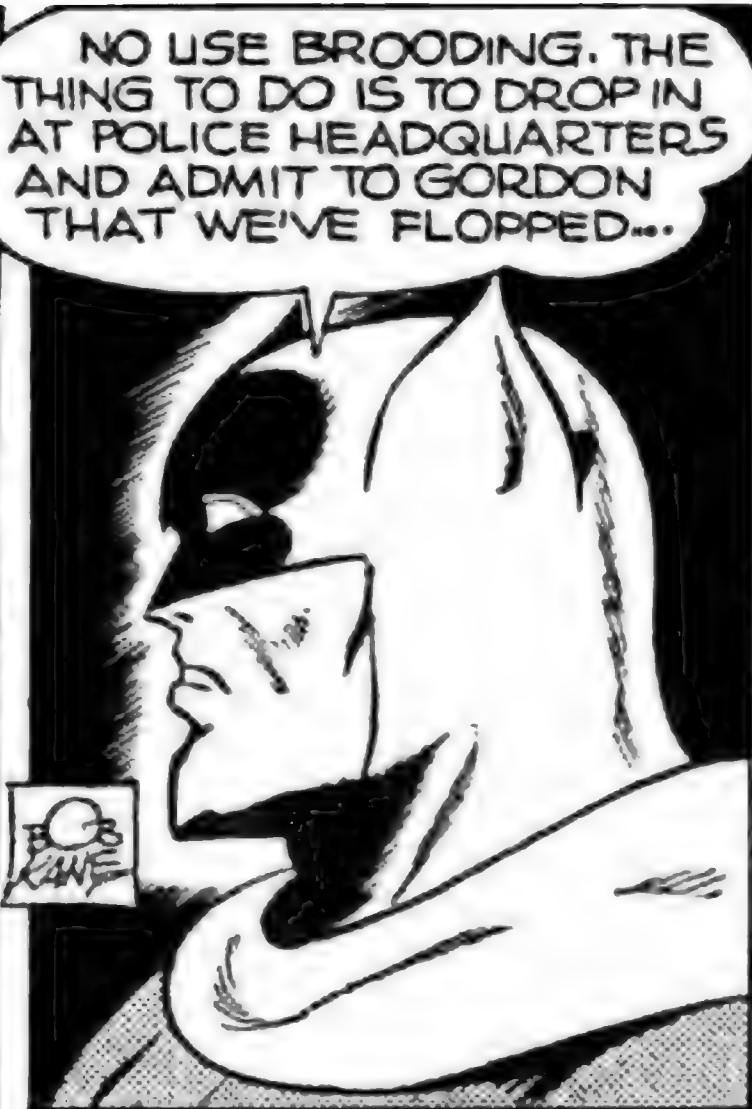
THANKS, BATMAN! SHE TRIED TO KILL HERSELF BEFORE. THE SHOTS WENT WILD WHEN I GRABBED FOR THE GUN.

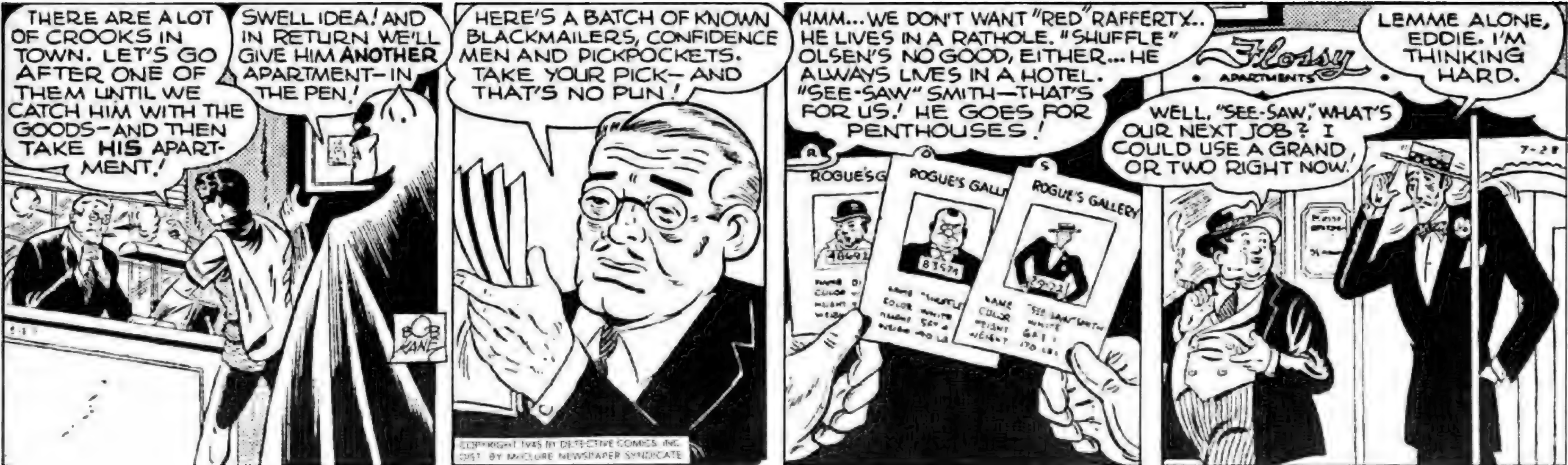
AND ALMOST GOT US!

IT ALL STARTED BECAUSE OF A SILLY QUARREL WE HAD THE OTHER DAY. AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT!

NO, BATMAN, DON'T BELIEVE HIM! IT'S MY FAULT!

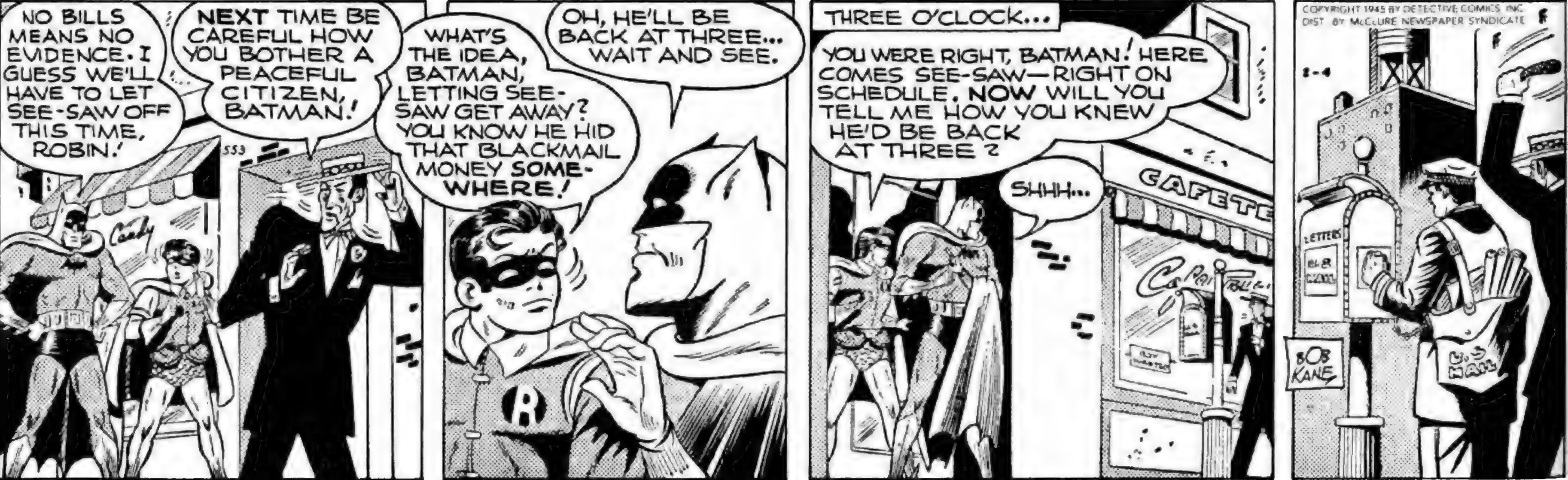
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AS A MATTER OF FACT, MISS PARKER, IT WAS BATMAN AND ROBIN WHO FOUND YOU AN APARTMENT. THEY SET OUT TO TRAP A SUSPECTED BLACK-MAILER JUST SO THEY COULD TURN HIS PLACE OVER TO YOU!



556

THAT WAS VERY SWEET OF YOU, BATMAN. THANKS!

OH, IT WAS NOTHING, REALLY!



AND THANK YOU, TOO, ROBIN!

OH, MISS PARKER, IT WAS NOTHING, HONEST!

NOTHING, THEY SAY! ONLY THEIR TOUGHEST ASSIGNMENT!



AND NOW MAY ROBIN AND I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF TAKING YOU TO YOUR APARTMENT?

OH, DEAR, I HOPE THEY WON'T INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS!

DELIGHTED!



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THAT'S YOUR APARTMENT... THE CORNER WINDOW ON THE SECOND FLOOR. WE'LL SEE THE SUPERINTENDENT AND GET YOU THE KEYS IN A JIFFY.

557



SEE-SAW SMITH'S APARTMENT? WHY, BATMAN, I JUST HEARD OVER THE RADIO THAT YOU HAD ARRESTED HIM...



SO I SENT MY HELPER UPSTAIRS TO PUT A VACANCY SIGN IN HIS WINDOW. AFTER ALL, PEOPLE NEED APARTMENTS THESE DAYS.

WOW! WE'D BETTER STOP HIM!



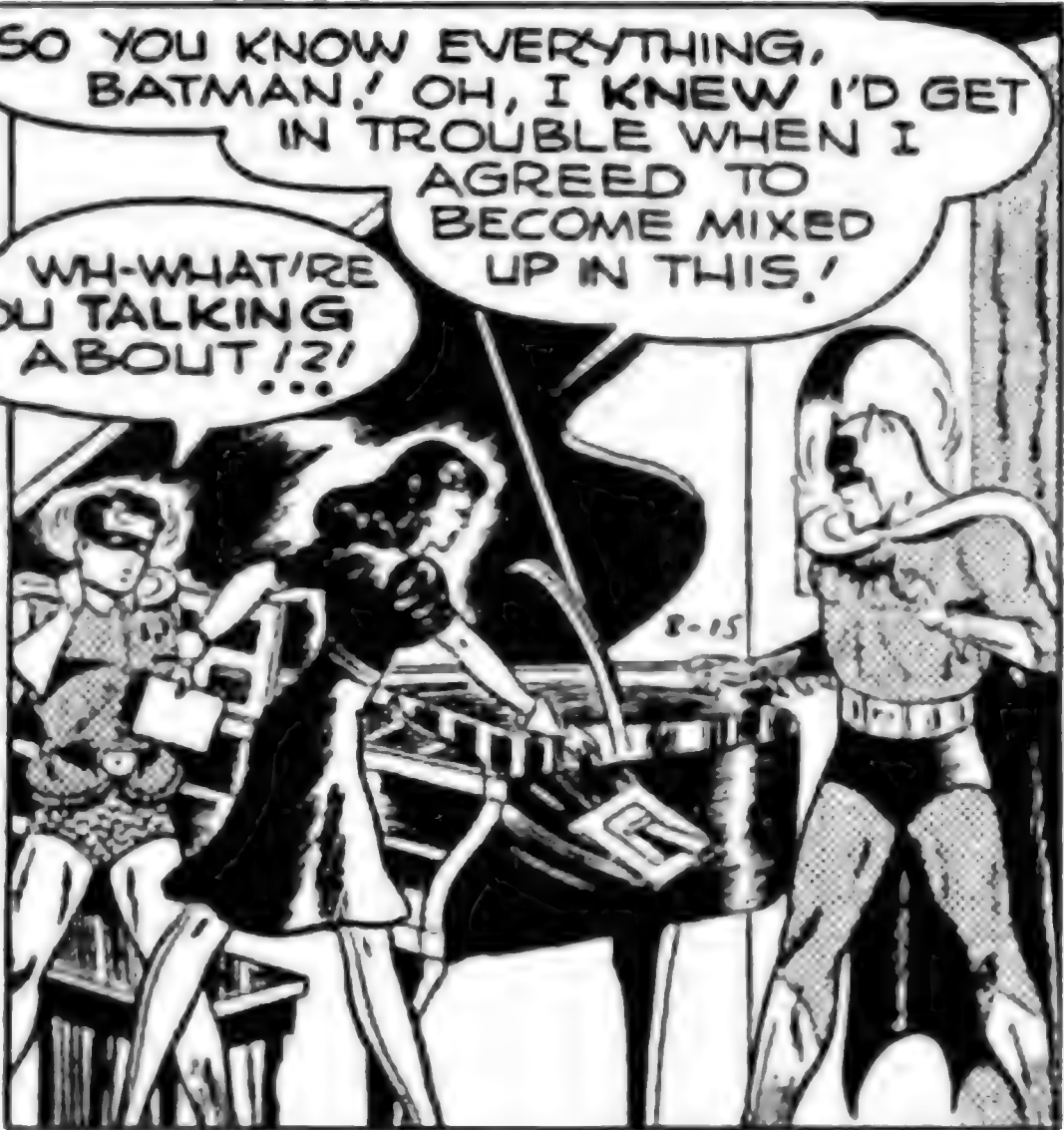
6-9



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584

OH, I'VE MADE SUCH A MESS OF EVERYTHING! AND JEAN WILL NEVER FORGIVE ME NOW!

SUPPOSE YOU TELL US ABOUT IT?



IT BEGAN WHEN JEAN'S DAD WANTED HER TO COME TO GOTHAM CITY TO STUDY ART. INSTEAD, JEAN DECIDED SHE'D SPEND HER VACATION WITH HER MOTHER. YOU SEE, JEAN'S PARENTS ARE DIVORCED. SO SHE ASKED ME TO TAKE HER PLACE.



THE IDEA WAS FOR ME TO TAKE OVER HER APARTMENT AND FORWARD JEAN'S MAIL FROM HER FATHER TO HER, AND TO SEND HER LETTERS ON TO HIM. BUT THAT PHOTO ON THE PIANO - SPOILED EVERYTHING.



8-17

THIS IS LEE PIKE, A CHEAP LAWYER WHO ALSO HAPPENS TO BE MY COUSIN!

SO WHAT?



565

I REALIZED THAT LEE PIKE MUST HAVE BEEN A FRIEND OF THE MAN WHO HAD OWNED THIS APARTMENT. I WAS AFRAID THAT IF I STAYED HERE HE MIGHT WALK IN SOME DAY AND RECOGNIZE ME FOR AN IMPOSTOR... AND CAUSE TROUBLE!



BUT I THOUGHT YOU KNEW ALL THAT, BATMAN. ISN'T THAT WHY YOU ASKED ME TO DRAW A SKETCH OF ROBIN ON THE PHOTO?



NO. I WAS JUST TRYING TO SEE IF YOU COULD DRAW. I PICKED UP THE PHOTOGRAPH BY COINCIDENCE. YOUR GUILTY CONSCIENCE GAVE YOU AWAY. BUT DON'T WORRY...



MEANWHILE... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA. BUT FIRST WE'LL HAVE TO HUSTLE OVER TO HIS APARTMENT...

I HEAR THAT THEY NABBED SEE-SAW SMITH.

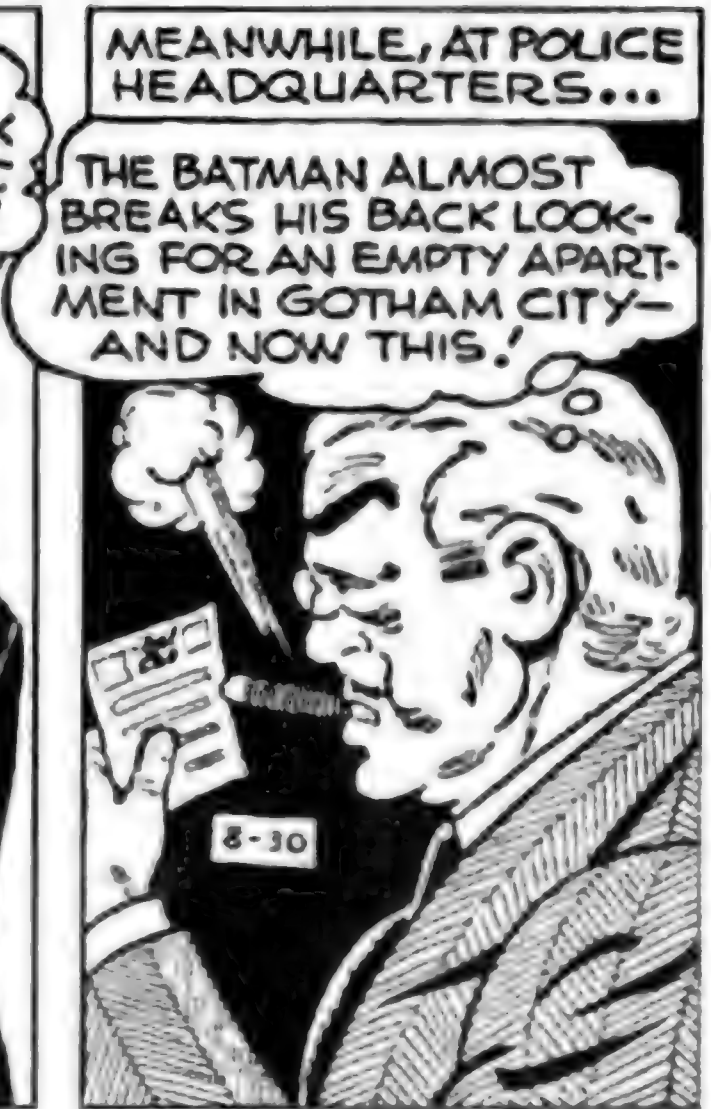


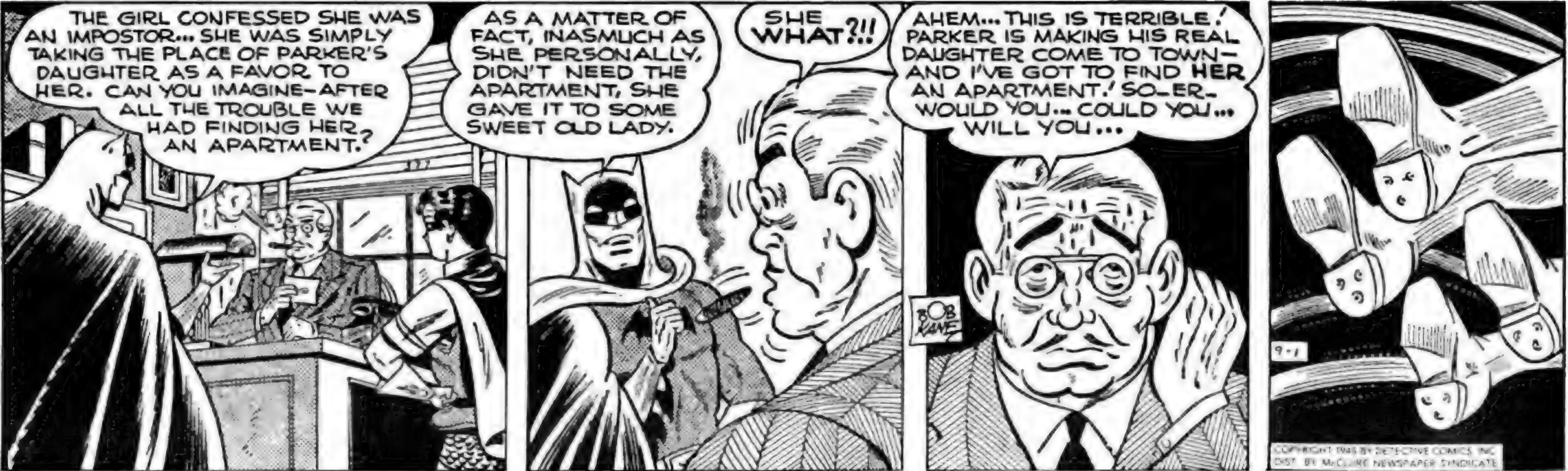




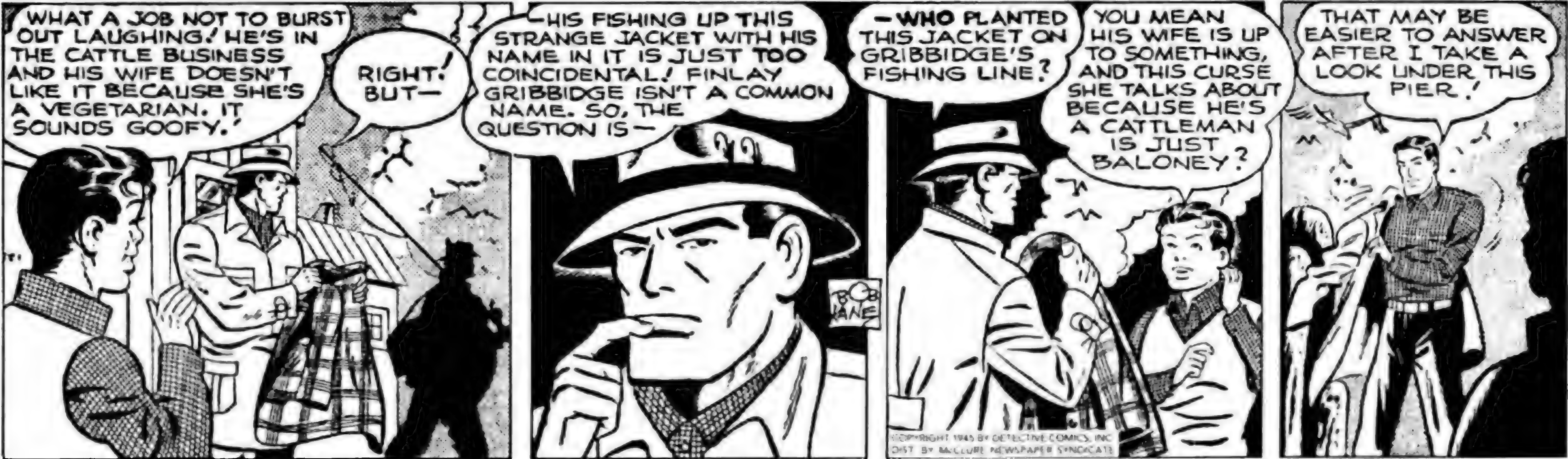












IF THERE'S ANY REASONABLE EXPLANATION OF HOW THAT JACKET GOT ON GRIBBIDGE'S FISHING LINE, IT'S UNDER THIS PIER SOMEWHERE.

WHY BOTHER? IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE THAN A PRACTICAL JOKE.

ANYTHING BUT. TAKING ALL THE TROUBLE TO STITCH GRIBBIDGE'S NAME IN A JACKET AND THEN SWIMMING OUT TO PLANT IT ON HIS LINE JUST TO STARTLE HIM A BIT, DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.

BUT THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE DOWN HERE NOW!

STILL—MY CURIOSITY TELLS ME TO KEEP LOOKING.

I KNEW I WAS RIGHT! TAKE A LOOK AT THAT!

582

9-7

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WHAT IF SOME MUSSELS HAVE BEEN PULLED LOOSE FROM THE PILING? MAYBE SOMEBODY WAS HERE BUT HOW DO WE KNOW WHEN?

THAT'S EASY. THESE BROKEN ONES TELL US THAT.

BROKEN MUSSELS DRY RAPIDLY WHEN EXPOSED. THESE ARE STILL DRIPPING WET. SOMEBODY WAS HERE WHEN GRIBBIDGE REELED IN THAT JACKET WITH HIS NAME IN IT!

SO SOMEBODY DID PLANT IT.—WHICH STILL LEAVES ME FOGGY!

DITTO, YOUNGSTER. LET'S GET HOME AND SEE WHAT SOME LAB WORK CAN TELL US ABOUT THE JACKET. I KNOW SOMETHING'S FISHY SOMEWHERE.

MEANWHILE...

I KNEW IT! FINLAY GRIBBIDGE. IT'S THE WARNING OF "THE LAMP"!

DASH MY EAR-MUFFS, CASSANDRA, LOVEY. I HAD THE STRANGEST EXPERIENCE!

4-8

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ONLY SEVEN GOTHAM STORES ARE LICENSED TO CARRY DUNCAN TWEEDS. WE'VE DRAWN THREE BLANKS SO FAR. I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER WHETHER MY HUNCH IS WORTH ALL THIS TROUBLE.



YES, THIS JACKET WAS BOUGHT HERE. IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH IT?

NO— WE'RE TRYING TO FIND THE MAN WHO BOUGHT IT. WOULD YOU HAVE ANY SALES RECORDS?



YOU DON'T SAY! GENTLEMAN NAMED GRIBBIDGE FOUND IT ON HIS FISHING LINE WITH HIS NAME IN IT? AND HE NEVER SAW IT BEFORE, EH? WELL, LET'S SEE...



MISTER, SOMEONE'S BEEN PULLING YOUR LEG. THE NAME OF THE MAN WHO BOUGHT THIS JACKET IS GRIBBIDGE—FINLAY GRIBBIDGE!



YESSIR—ACCORDING TO OUR RECORDS, THIS JACKET WAS DELIVERED TO A MR. FINLAY GRIBBIDGE AT 16 WASHBURN STREET. THAT'S JUST AROUND THE CORNER.

I DON'T GET IT.



WHY SHOULD GRIBBIDGE PRETEND HE NEVER SAW THAT JACKET BEFORE? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.

PERHAPS SOME KIND OF PRACTICAL JOKE, SIR.



I'M STILL SURE GRIBBIDGE WASN'T ACTING. HIS SURPRISE WAS TOO GENUINE.

LET'S FIND 16 WASHBURN STREET.



HERE'S THE PLACE, DICK—NOW MAYBE GRIBBIDGE WILL CLEAR THINGS UP!





WHILE TRYING TO TRACE THE MYSTERIOUS JACKET FOUND ON GRIBBIDGE'S FISHING LINE, BRUCE AND DICK ARE SURPRISED BY THE OWNER OF A CURIOUSLY EQUIPPED CELLAR IN A VACANT HOUSE...













I GOT THE DOPE ON MINNOW, BOSS. SEEMS LIKE A CERTAIN OLD PROSPECTOR NAMED SOAPSTONE DISCOVERED A RICH COPPER VEIN ON GRIBBIDGE'S RANCH—



602

—AND MINNOW'S TRYING TO GET HIM TO CLAM UP UNTIL HE CAN GET GRIBBIDGE TO SELL OUT SO THAT MINNOW CAN WORK THE VEIN HIMSELF.

YOU'RE A GOOD BOY, ELMER.



603

MINNOW DOESN'T KNOW IT YET, BUT HE'S ABOUT TO ACQUIRE A NEW PARTNER. BUT FIRST—THERE'S THAT WAYNE FELLOW WHO'S BEEN SNOOPING AROUND. HAVE TO GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY.



604

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CURLY SPEAKIN'! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, LAMP?

I'VE GOT A LITTLE JOB FOR YOU—A REMOVAL JOB!!



10-1

BOB CANE

GORDON INSISTS THE GRIBBIDGE MYSTERY ISN'T A POLICE MATTER UNLESS I CAN DIG UP SOMETHING MORE DEFINITE. FIND IT, DICK?

YES—GRIBBIDGE, FINLAY—HERE'S THE ADDRESS.



603

A VISIT TO GRIBBIDGE'S HOME MIGHT HELP EXPLAIN WHAT HE'S UP TO, AND WHY ALL THE MYSTERY CONNECTED WITH THAT JACKET.

BEG PARDON, SIR—



604

A COUPLE OF UNPLEASANT CHARACTERS AT THE DOOR INSIST THEY HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH YOU, SIR.

APPOINTMENT WITH ME? THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE—I'M NOT EXPECTING ANYONE.



605

BOB CANE

WELL, EXPECT US, BUB!

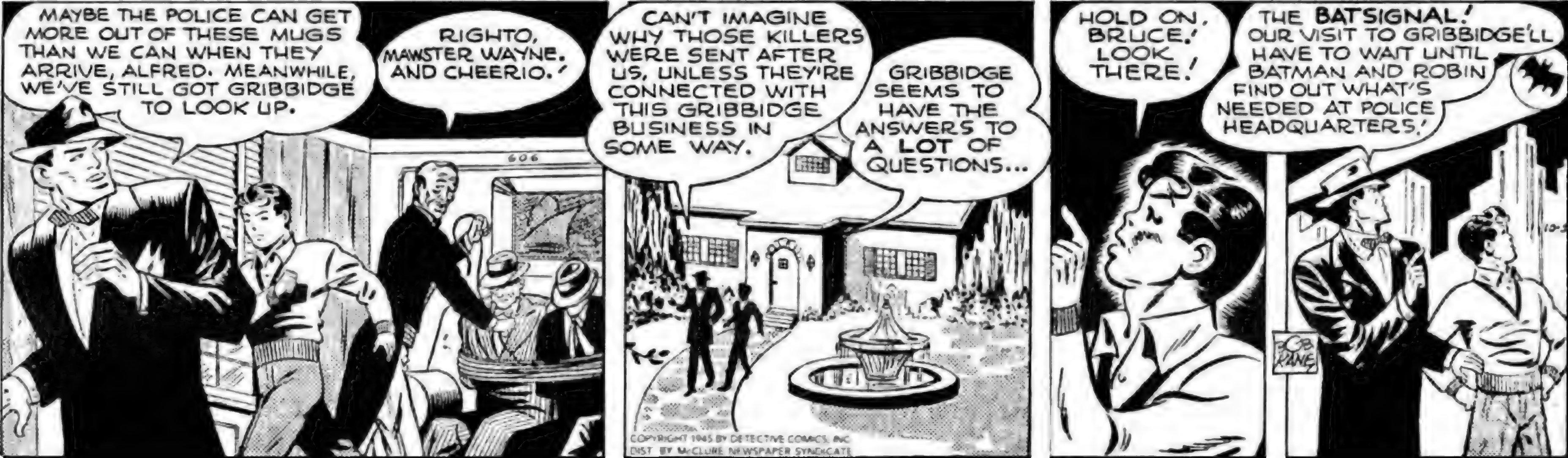
GET 'EM UP AN' DON'T TRY NO FUNNY STUFF!

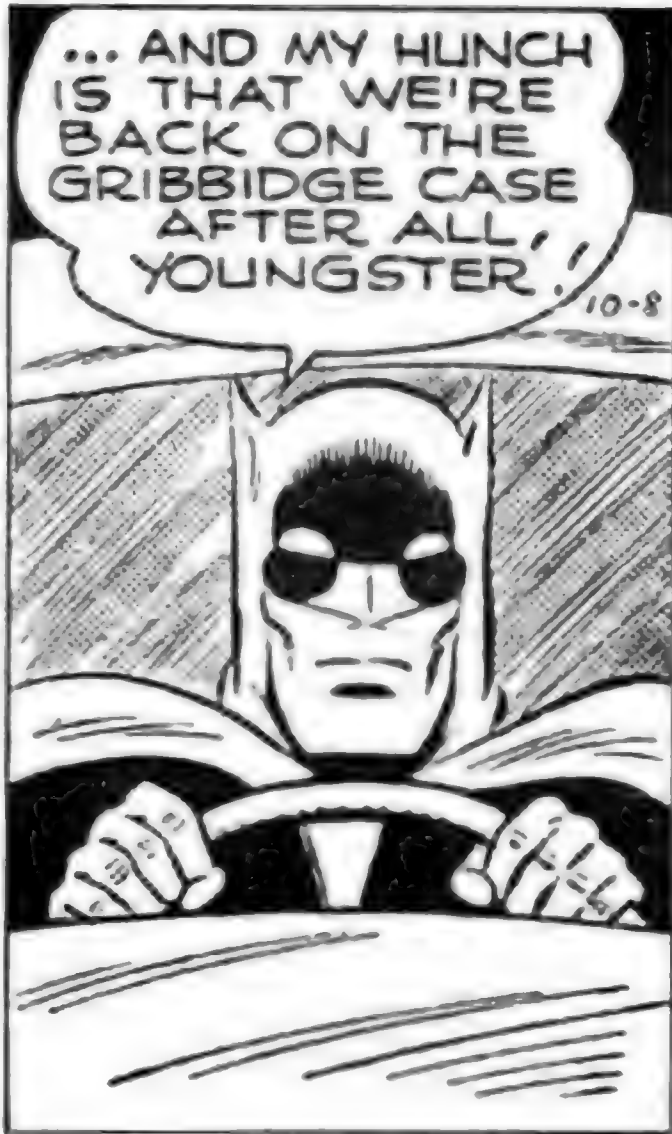


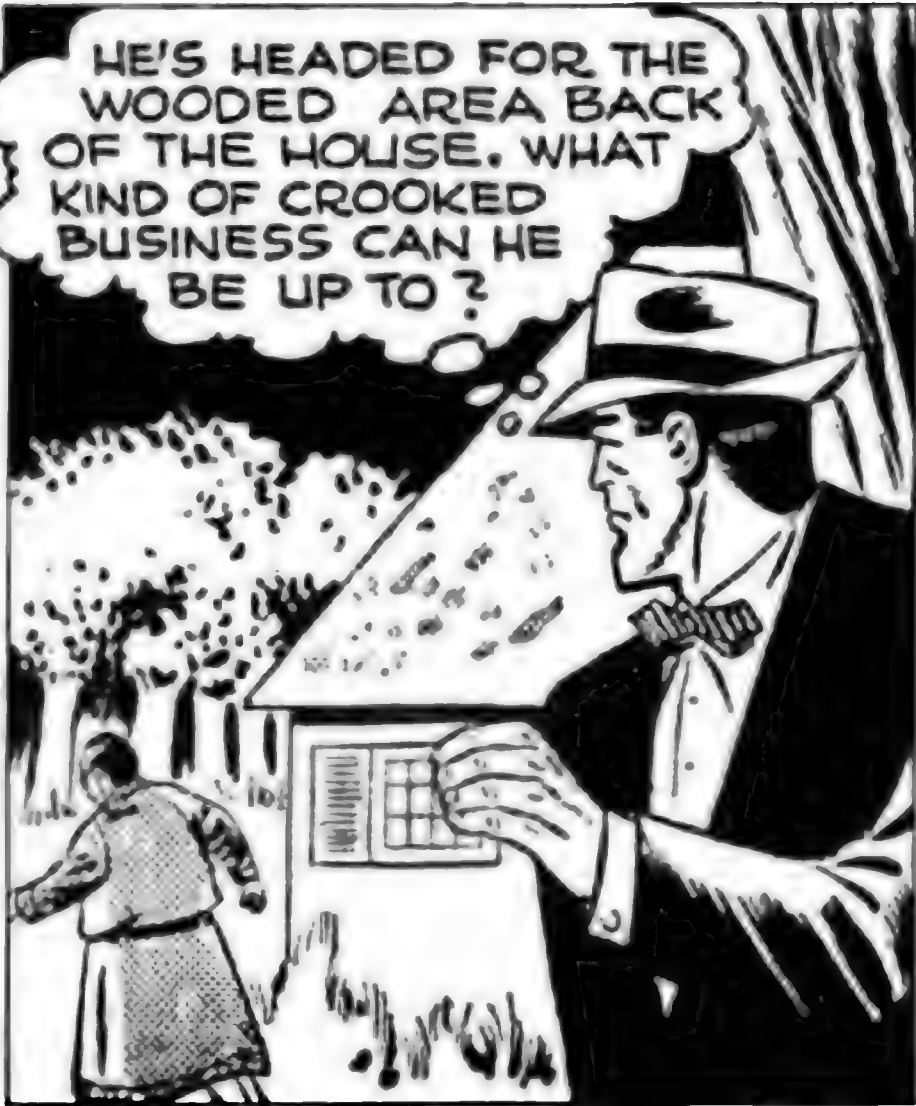
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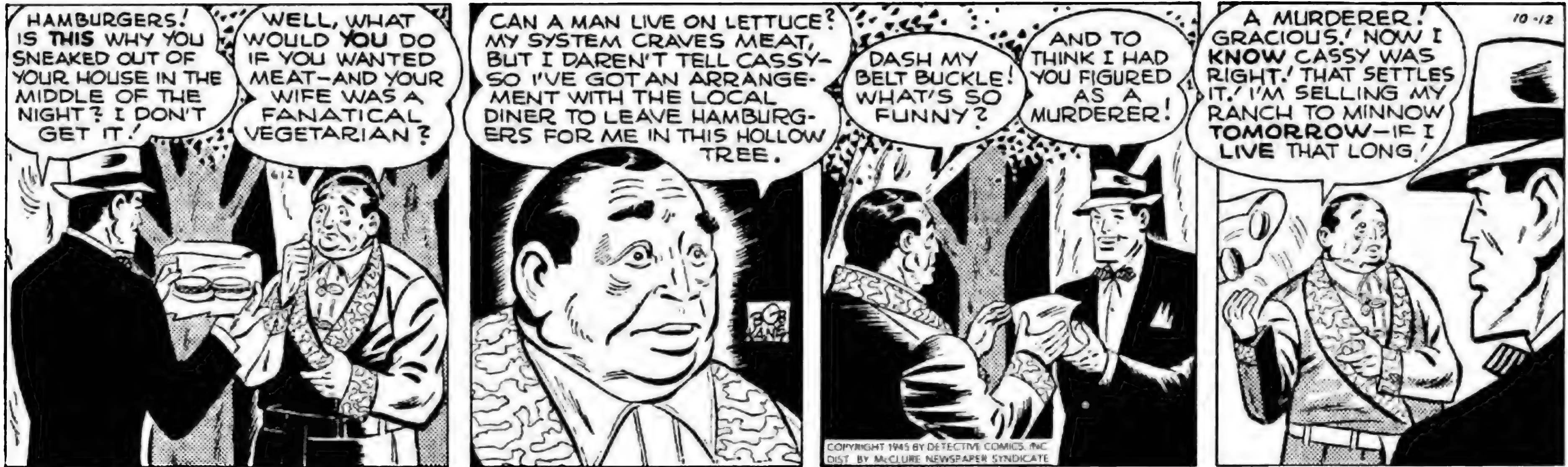
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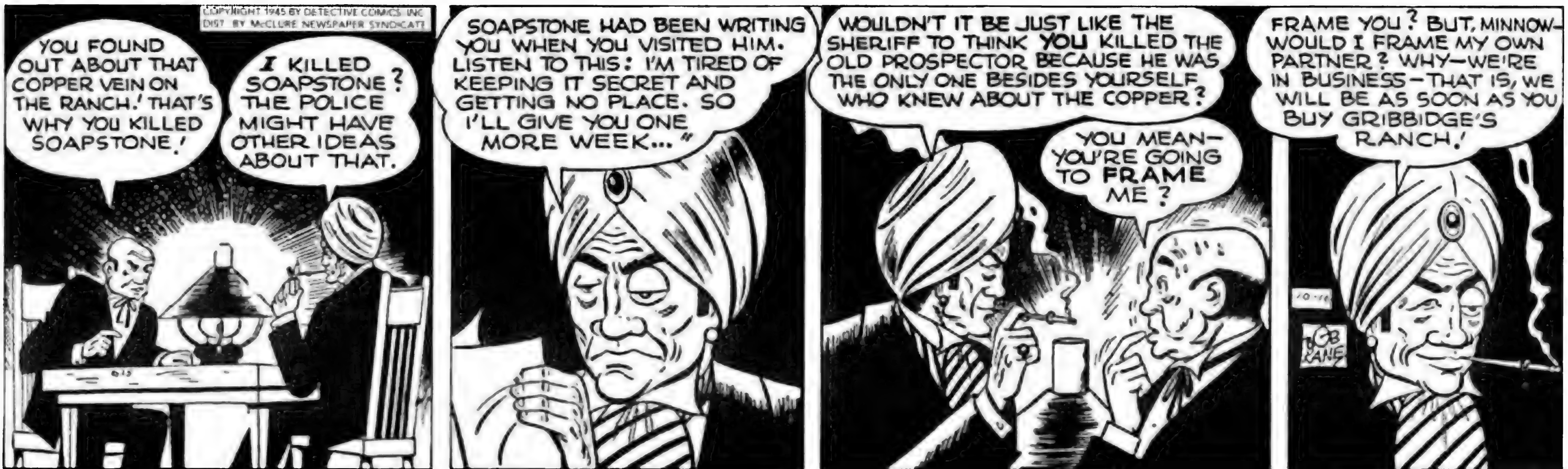








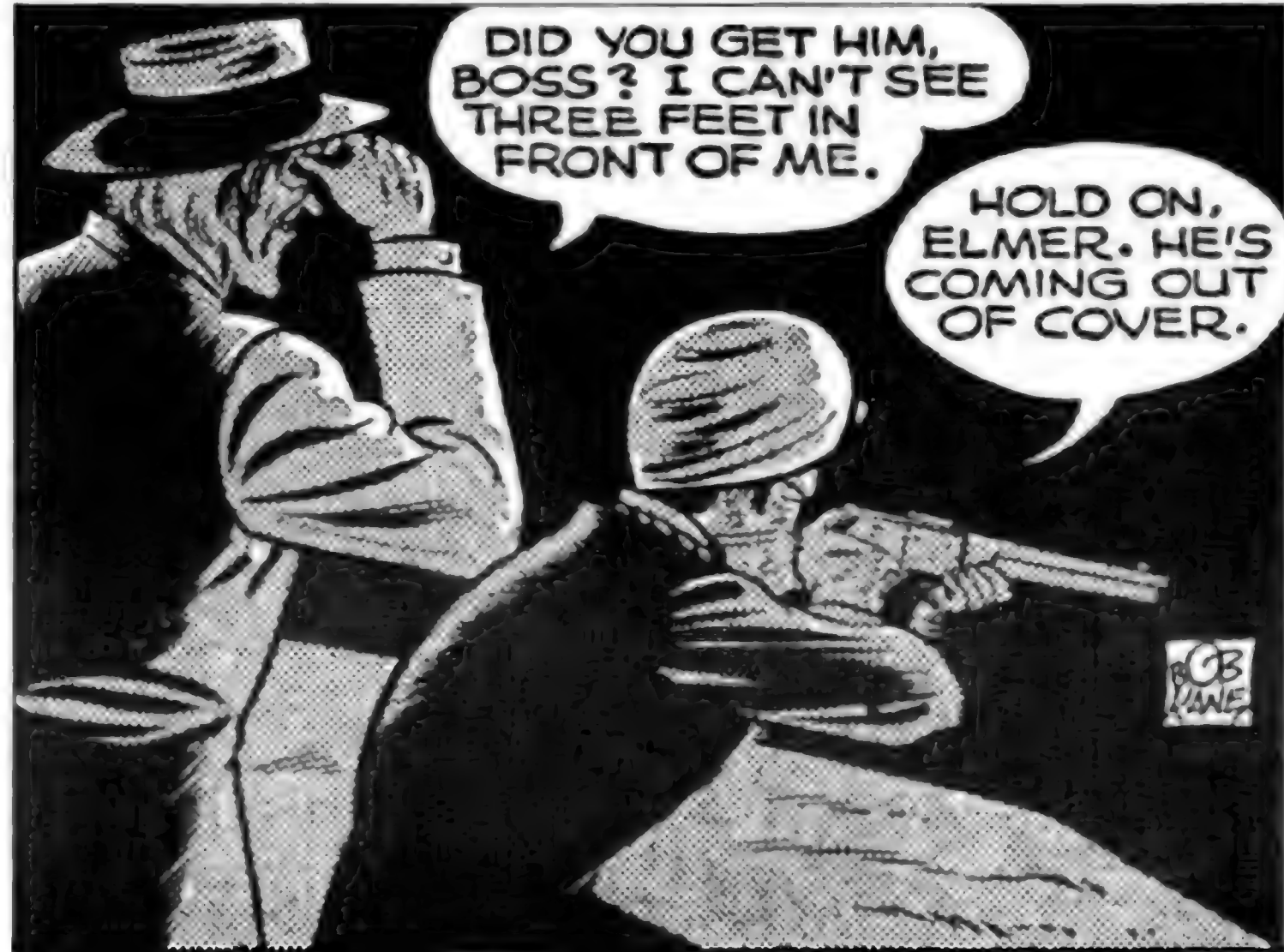


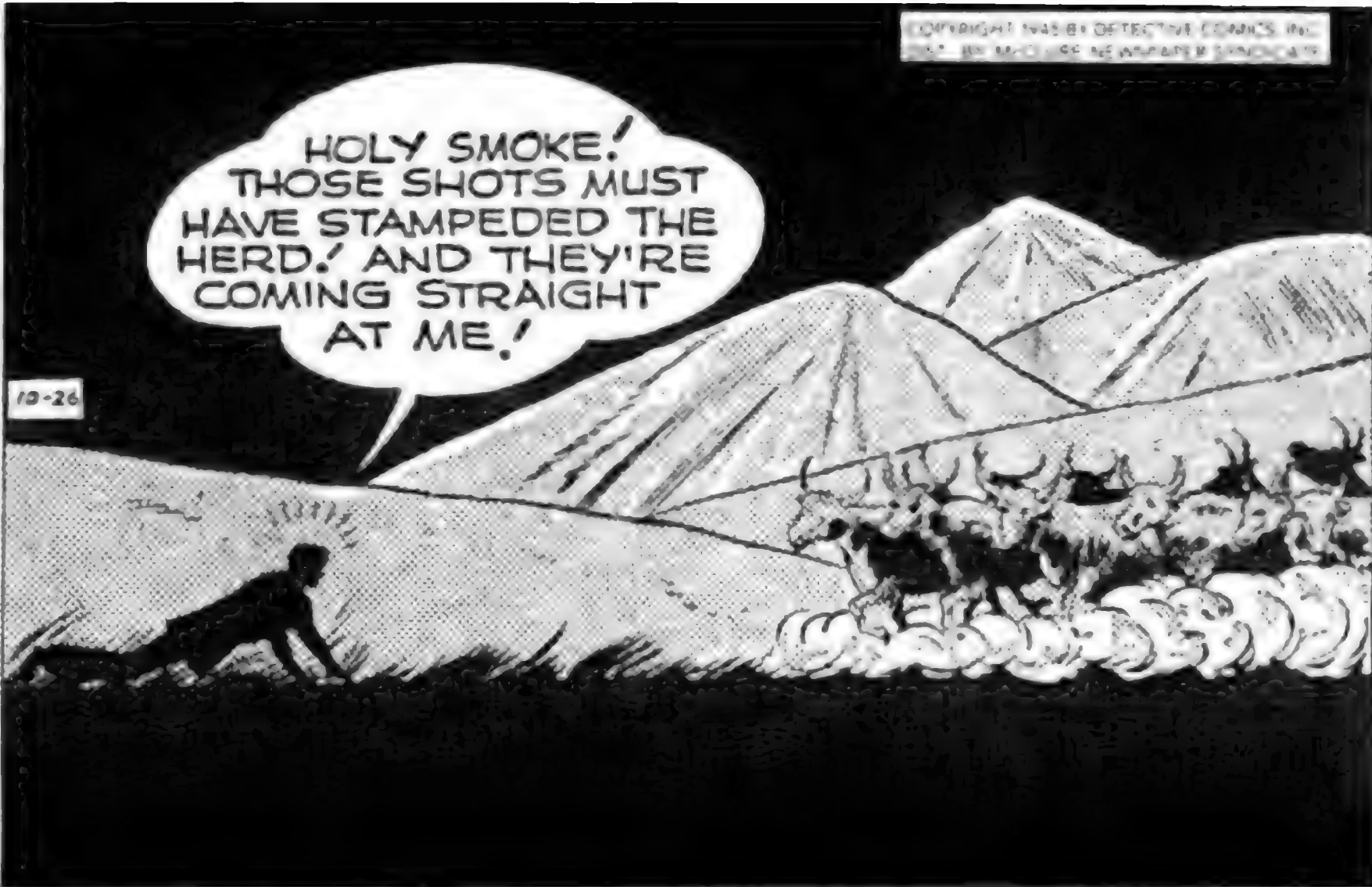












TRAPPED BY A MYSTERIOUS RIFLEMAN WHO CAN SEE IN THE DARK, BRUCE IS SUDDENLY CONFRONTED BY THE ADDITIONAL MENACE OF A STAMPEDING HERD!

WOW! THIS STEER AND A VOLCANIC ERUPTION HAVE PLENTY IN COMMON!



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BOB KANE

THEY'RE CALMING DOWN-AND I MUST BE OUT OF RIFLE RANGE NOW. WHEW! I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO HANG ON ANOTHER TEN SECONDS.



HE'S GONE! NOT EVEN A SPECK OF BLOOD! BUT I SAW THE HERD PASS RIGHT OVER HIM!


BOSS-IF HE GETS AWAY, WE'RE SUNK!



10-29

WAYNE'S ESCAPE MEANS THE SHERIFF'S WHOLE MOB'LL BE NOSING AROUND HERE INVESTIGATING MINNOW'S DEATH. SOMEONE'S LIKELY TO STUMBLE ON THAT HIDDEN COPPER VEIN.


YEAH, BOSS. WHAT'LL WE DO?



27

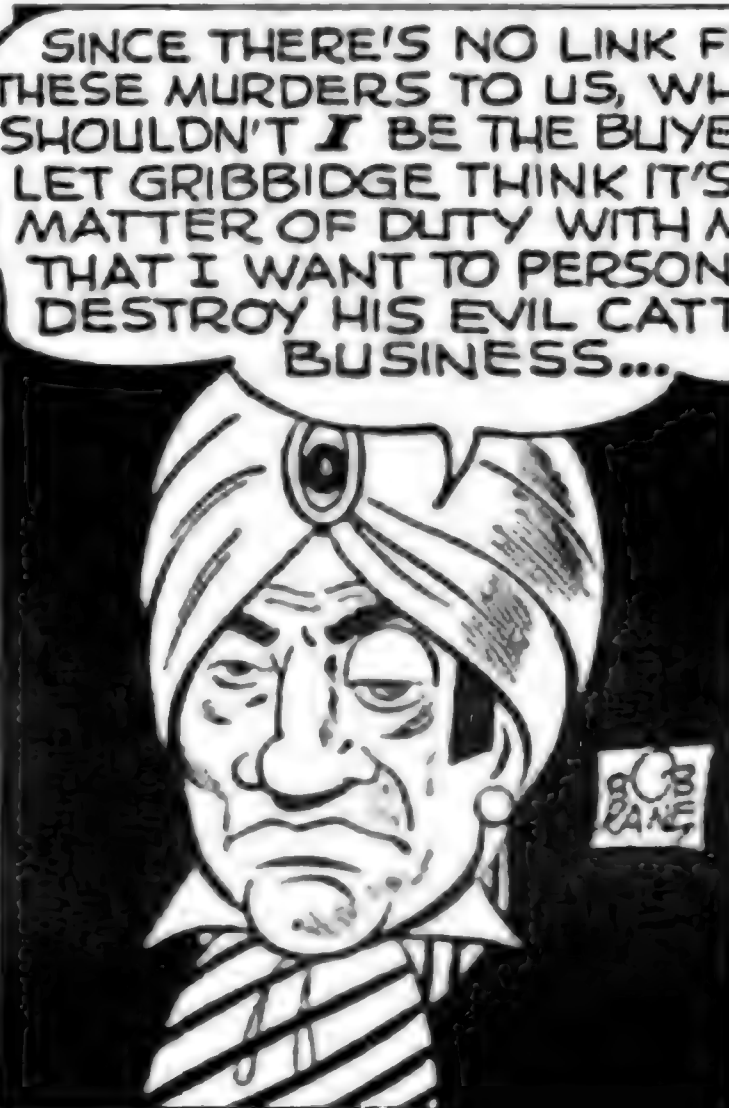
NO TIME TO REMOVE MINNOW'S BODY. I'VE GOT TO MAKE GRIBBIDGE SELL BEFORE HE LEARNS THE REAL VALUE OF THE PROPERTY.

YEAH, BOSS. BUT WITH MINNOW DEAD, WHO'S GONNA BE THE BUYER?



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SINCE THERE'S NO LINK FROM THESE MURDERS TO US, WHY SHOULDN'T I BE THE BUYER? LET GRIBBIDGE THINK IT'S A MATTER OF DUTY WITH ME-THAT I WANT TO PERSONALLY DESTROY HIS EVIL CATTLE BUSINESS...



BOB KANE

...WHICH OF COURSE, I'LL REALLY DO. THEN, IF MY PSYCHIC EYE HAPPENS TO REVEAL A VEIN OF COPPER ON THE PROPERTY, WHO CAN PROVE THAT'S GOT ANY CONNECTION WITH THESE KILLINGS?

YEAH, BOSS. IT SOUNDS GOOD.



10-30



AND STAY AWAY FROM MY HUSBAND—DO YOU HEAR? ISN'T IT ENOUGH THAT POOR MR. MINNOW WAS KILLED BECAUSE OF THAT RANCH?

BUT LISTEN TO REASON, MRS. GRIBBIDGE!

630

CAN'T EVEN TALK TO THAT FANATICAL WOMAN. BUT JUST THE SAME, I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING. TWO PEOPLE HAVE BEEN KILLED. GRIBBIDGE MAY BE NEXT!

SLAM!

THE PROSPECTOR'S DEATH CONVINCES ME HE FOUND SOME VALUABLE MINERAL ON THE PROPERTY. AND SOMEONE DIDN'T WANT MINNOW TO COME INTO THE OWNERSHIP OF IT.

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OF COURSE, WHOEVER TURNS UP TO BUY THAT BROKEN DOWN RANCH IS MORE THAN LIKELY TO BE THE ONE I'M LOOKING FOR—BUT HOW IN THE WORLD CAN I PROVE IT?

11-2

BOB KANE

WHOEVER BUYS GRIBBIDGE'S RANCH IS LIKELY TO BE OUR KILLER, BUT PROVING IT IS SOMETHING ELSE. MAYBE MY SCHEME WILL WORK AND MAYBE NOT.

631

MAYBE YES, MAYBE NO—BUT WE'RE STUCK WITH IT!

THE KILLER PROBABLY REALIZES THAT IF GRIBBIDGE IS SLAIN, HIS FANATICAL WIFE WOULD PRACTICALLY GIVE THE RANCH AWAY. AT LEAST, WE CAN PROTECT GRIBBIDGE.

AGAINST HIS WILL?

BOB KANE

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THAT'S EXACTLY WHY BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON HAVE TO STEP OUT OF THE PICTURE FOR A WHILE AND LET BATMAN AND ROBIN STEP IN.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I MEAN, YOUNGSTER, THAT BATMAN AND ROBIN CAN DO A FEW THINGS THAT THE MESSRS. WAYNE AND GRAYSON COULDN'T GET AWAY WITH.

11-3





I'VE RISKED TOO MUCH TO LOSE OUT NOW, GRIBBIDGE. EITHER YOU SELL THAT RANCH —OR YOU DIE!

DASH MY BULLET-PROOF VEST!

TWO MEN HAVE DIED SO FAR. WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN THEM? YOUR WIFE CERTAINLY WOULDN'T HESITATE TO TURN THE RANCH OVER TO ME!

S-SUPPOSE I TELL HER THE TRUTH ABOUT YOU?

HA! DO YOU THINK SHE'LL BELIEVE YOU? SHE BELIEVES IN ME —IN MY PSYCHIC POWERS!

I'LL G-GO TO THE POLICE. MY F-FRIEND WAYNE KNOWS THE COMMISSIONER!

GO TO THE POLICE, YOU FOOL! YOU HAVEN'T AN IOTA OF PROOF. AND MEANWHILE YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHEN AN UNEXPECTED BULLET WILL FIND YOU!

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11-9
FOR ZANE

MAKE UP YOUR MIND. EITHER YOUR LIFE OR THE RANCH! I'VE WORKED HARD TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT COPPER VEIN!

DASH MY BANK ROLL! SO THAT'S IT! COPPER!

YES — THAT'S IT. NO POINT IN KEEPING THAT FROM YOU NOW. WELL?

YOU WIN! I — I'LL SELL THE RANCH!

I — I'M A BIGAMIST!

YOU'LL SELL NOTHING AT ALL, YOU IMPOSTOR!

HUH! TWO OF THEM!

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11-10
FOR ZANE

POSING AS GRIBBIDGE, BATMAN HAS JUST GOT AN ADMISSION OF THE LAMP'S GUILT IN THE KILLING OF MINNOW AND SOAPSTONE, WHEN THE REAL GRIBBIDGE MAKES AN UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE!

FINLAY GRIBBIDGE! STOP FIGHTING THIS INSTANT! BOTH OF YOU!

YOU IMPOSTOR! I DON'T CARE IF YOU ARE BATMAN! YOU CAN'T KIDNAP HONEST CITIZENS AND—

BATMAN!

SORRY, GRIBBIDGE— BUT I HAVE TO DO THIS!

HE MUST HAVE A SPLIT PERSONALITY! I—I THINK I'M GOING TO FAINT!

I WAS AFRAID TO RISK SMASHING THIS DICTA-PHONE TRANSCRIPT OF HIS CONVERSATION WITH YOU. HE GOT AWAY!

THE LAMP! DID YOU STOP HIM?

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THE FALSE GRIBBIDGE STEPS INTO ANOTHER ROOM FOR A MOMENT, THEN EMERGES AS:

FEEL MORE LIKE MYSELF NOW!

IF YOU HADN'T TIPPED THE LAMP OFF, BY YOUR INOPPORTUNE APPEARANCE, WE'D HAVE NABBED HIM. AND WITH THIS DICTOGRAPH RECORDING PROVING HIM A MURDERER—

DICTOGRAPH RECORDING!

YES—I WAS TO TAKE YOUR PLACE UNTIL THE RANCH BUYER, WHOEVER HE WAS, SHOWED UP. ROBIN, PLAY THE DICTOGRAPH RECORDING.

"—TWO MEN HAVE DIED SO FAR. WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN THEM?"

DASH MY TOMBSTONE!

GRIBBY—I—I'VE BEEN SUCH A SILLY, FOOLISH WOMAN!

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SO THE LAMP WAS NOT ONLY BEHIND MINNOW'S KILLING, BUT THE OLD PROSPECTOR'S TOO. DASH MY WOODEN HEAD! WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN!

NOW, GRIBBEY! DON'T ARGUE! I WAS THE BIGGEST FOOL!

THE REAL ISSUE IS— HOW TO GET THE LAMP! NOW THAT HE KNOWS WE'RE ON TO HIM, HE'S GOING TO BE MIGHTY DIFFICULT TO FIND!

I SUPPOSE I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER, BUT—

A MAN IN THE DARK! THAT'S IT! YOU'VE JUST REMINDED ME OF THE ONE WAY TO TRACK DOWN THE LAMP!

— BUT-I NEVER EVEN SUSPECTED WHAT WAS GOING ON. I WAS JUST LIKE A MAN IN THE DARK...

I'D ALMOST OVER-LOOKED OUR MOST IMPORTANT CLUE— THAT THE LAMP CAN SEE IN THE DARK! IT MUST HAVE BEEN HE WHO SHOT AT ME LAST NIGHT!

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HOW CAN THE LAMP'S ABILITY TO SEE IN THE DARK HELP US FIND HIM?

HE'S GOT "NIGHT VISION"— RARE, BUT WELL KNOWN TO OPHTHALMOLOGISTS...

ORDINARY EYES REFLECT LIGHT IN A NARROW BEAM. BUT IN EXTREMELY FAR-SIGHTED OR HYPERMETROPIC PEOPLE, THE BEAM IS MUCH WIDER, SPREADING MORE LIGHT OVER THE ENTIRE PUPIL AND MAKING "NIGHT VISION" POSSIBLE.

THE LAMP MUST BE UNUSUALLY FAR-SIGHTED. NORMALLY, HE'D FIND IT DIFFICULT TO SEE OBJECTS CLOSE AT HAND...

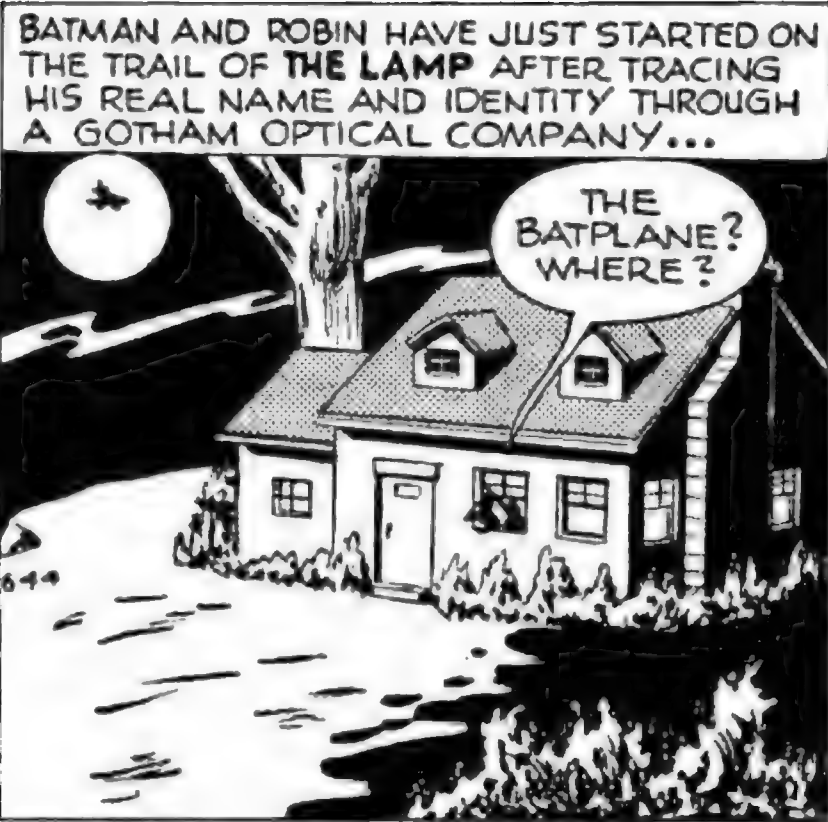
BUT HE SEEMS TO SEE CLOSE OBJECTS EASILY!

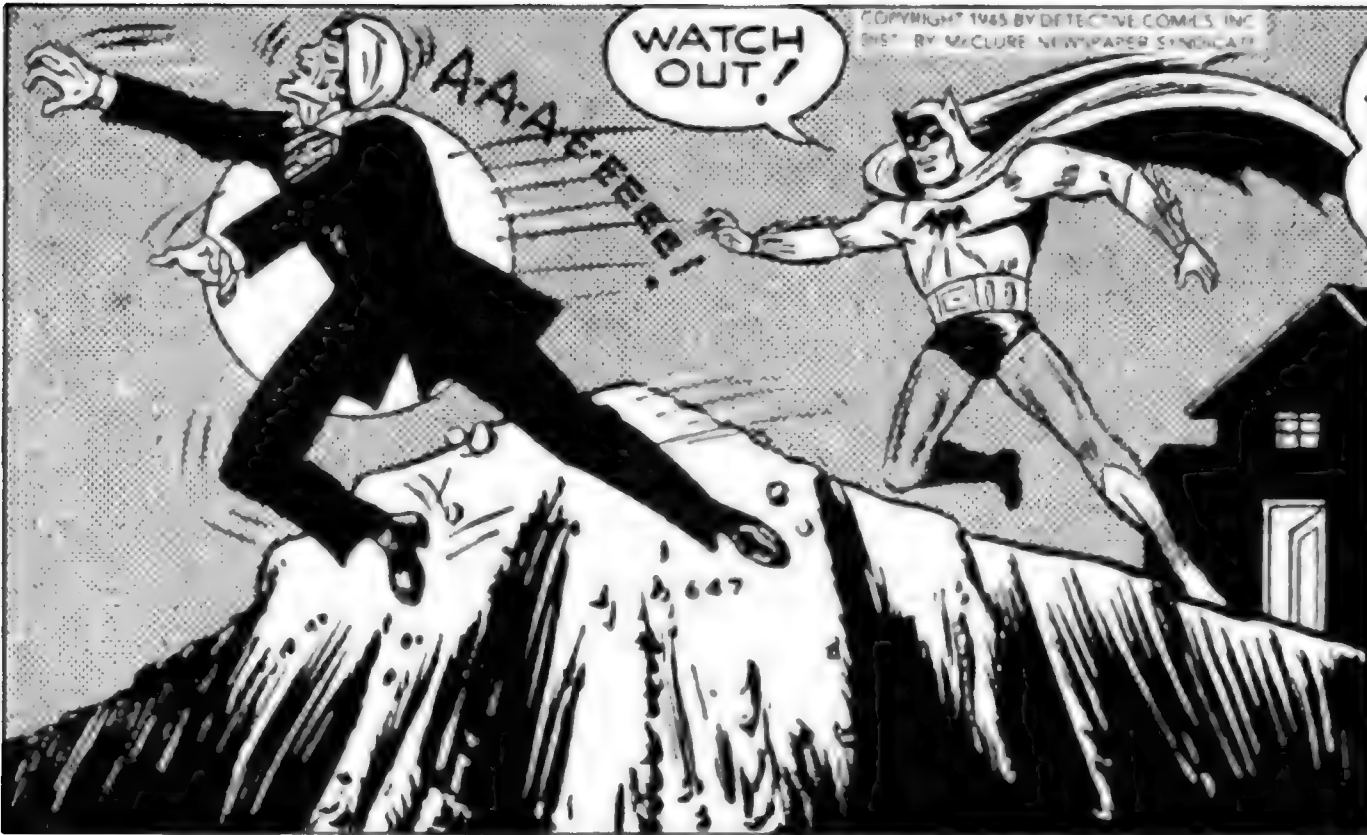
EXACTLY, ROBIN! HYPERMETROPIA IS CORRECTED BY THE USE OF CONVEX LENSES. SO, I FIGURE THE LAMP USES SUCH LENSES.

BUT HE WASN'T WEARING GLASSES AT ALL!

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I HAD MY HEART SET ON A MADISON—A LATE MODEL, BUT WITH CARS STILL SHORT, I GUESS I CAN'T BE TOO CHOOSY.

A MADISON, EH? LATE MODEL?

GOTHAM 650 AUTO MART

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DEPENDS ON HOW BAD YOU WANT IT, MR. WAYNE. I CAN GET ONE FROM ANOTHER DEALER. BUT, FRANKLY, HE'S A GYP. GETS MORE THAN CEILING PRICE. DON'T DO THAT SORT OF THING MYSELF, BUT—AS A SPECIAL FAVOR...

LATER...

HELLO, ECHO? TELL LOCKJAW I WANT A LATE MADISON—4 DOOR LIGHT EIGHT. YEAH. OKAY!

GOTHAM'S GOT A CALL FOR A LATE MADISON, LOCKJAW.

OW AW AAH! EHH!

OHA AHH A IACUH!

LOCKJAW SAYS TO PICK UP A LIGHT MADISON EIGHT—4 DOOR, LATE MODEL.

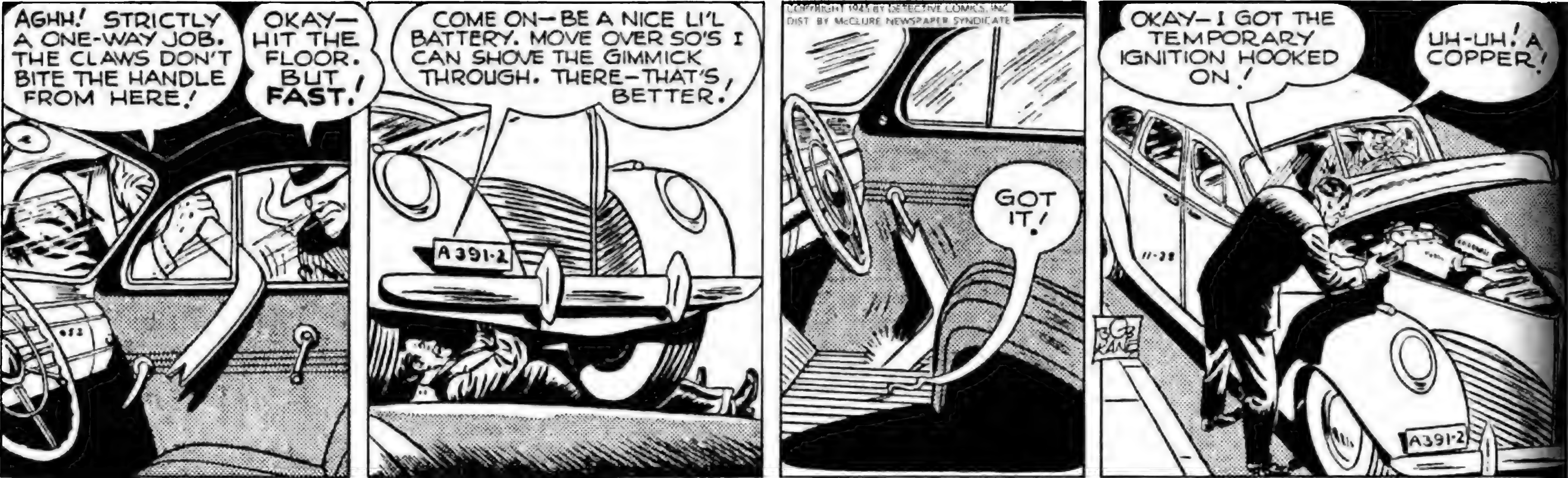
GOTCHA!

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THERE'S A CLEAN JOB. SHE'LL DO.

LOCKED—AND THERE'S NO KEY INSIDE.

OKAY—KEEP YOUR ROD AWAKE. I'LL UNFREEZE HER.





AFTER BATMAN, AS BRUCE WAYNE, WORKING WITH THE D.A., ORDERS A CAR FROM A DEALER SUSPECTED OF WORKING WITH A HOT CAR RING, HE FOLLOWS AND LOSES A PAIR OF CAR THIEVES, EVIDENTLY MEMBERS OF THE SAME RING.

